JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Gold Medal Franco-British Exhibition, London, 1908.

As supplied to the Royal Army Medical Corps.

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VI. No. 157. Saturday, June 5th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Why was the King laughing so heartily as he re-entered his stand after leading in the Derby winner? Here is the explanation. One of the excited crowd, throwing decorum to the winds, had patted him familiarly on the back, with the remark, "Bravo, Teddy! *Now go back and dissolve that damned Parliament.*" His Majesty was greatly amused, and told the story to his guests at the Derby dinner.

What a pity the Spoil-Sports and Goody-Goodies were not at Epsom! The sight would have done their poor hearts good, and have warmed their cold blood.

Apropos the tactics of the Protestant Alliance, our attention has been called to a card which has been freely distributed throughout the constituencies by the National Protestant League, in which the recipients are asked to sign a form headed "Protestantism Before Politics," and pledging themselves not to exercise their Parliamentary franchise until they have received the recommendation of the League as to how their votes "may be best used to suppress the Mass, the Confessional and other illegal practices in the National Church." Electors who are prepared to mortgage their right of citizenship in this way deserve all they may get.

We have received the label of a box of cartridges used by that patriotic, empire-loving concern, known as the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, whereof the Earl Roberts is President. Ah! we thought to ourselves, here we shall find an object-lesson for Little Englanders, who are base and treacherous enough to obtain their ammunition from abroad. The type seemed a bit exotic, but after rubbing our eyes very hard, we eventually read, marked, learned and inwardly digested the following:—"*Specially Prepared for the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs for Use with their Converted Martini Rifle, by the* RHEN. WEST. EXPLOSIVES CO., NUREMBERG."

Judging by the illustrated papers, the chief celebrants of "Empire Day" were sick persons and young children. Cripples are pourtrayed waggling flags in their cots. We see mobs of infants shuffling about the streets and parks in a travesty of uniforms. And sickly sentiment is further emphasized by a photograph of two brats engaged in the exchange of a slobbering kiss, with a background of flags and grass. Oh! the little dears! Will no one spank them?

We understand that Mrs. Annie Besant is now in London, and trust, therefore, that she will kindly favour us with the long delayed and eagerly looked for reply to the very serious allegations we have made against a prominent official of the Theosophical Society—whose conduct up to the present she appears to have condoned. Our revelations of Mr. Leadbeater's pernicious teachings have brought a large amount of correspondence from present and past members of the Society, and, in view of further information now in our possession, it is perfectly obvious that Mrs. Besant has been made acquainted in the fullest detail with the nature of the charges against her colleague. In these circumstances her continued silence would be nothing short of a scandal.

There appears not only to be one law for the rich and one for the poor, but also one for the soldier and one for the civilian. This would be all right in cases where discipline arises, but calls for a protest when it interferes with personal rights. We have been favoured with a copy of "Orders by Lieutenant-General Sir C. J. Burnett, K.C.B., Commanding-in-Chief" at Chester. Article 5 runs as follows:—

> VACCINATION—NECESSARY BY FAMILY IN QUARTERS.
> It has been decided that, as a protection to the health of other occupants in barracks, the family of a soldier cannot occupy public quarters unless all the members have been vaccinated.
> If quarters are available, the issue of lodging money is not allowed by regulation, whether the person to whom they are allotted occupies them or not.

This appears to us unjust and illogical. The Vaccination Act permits a conscientious objector to obtain exemption for his child. But if he is a soldier, he is deprived of his rights as a citizen; at any rate, he must forego his lodging-money if he exercises a right which the Legislature bestowed upon him. The answer given is that his child might be a source of danger to others. But if their inoculation has rendered them immune, they ought not to be afraid of infection.

The Tsar has been well advised in ordering the release of General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur. There is something mean in punishing a soldier merely because he is unsuccessful. To condemn him to death was a cruel farce. After all, everybody can't win.

"Admiral Fisher must go," we said a few weeks since. "If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . ."

Now that Mr. Imre Kiralfy is again busy with his Exhibition—promoted, of course, in the National interest—perhaps he will give a thought to the conditions under which his clerks are at present working. The hours are nominally from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.—long enough in all conscience—but they are very often extended to 9 and 10, and sometimes even 11 and 12 o'clock at night—for which extra work they are given 1s. 3d. by way of "tea money." We understand that a representation has been made to Mr. Kiralfy, and that he has promised that his "Committee" will enquire into the matter. But up to the present, as far as we are aware, nothing has been done. We are sure that the general public do not wish to purchase their pleasure at the cost of the health of the staff of the Exhibition.

A few evenings ago, after closing hours, the wife of the landlord of the Milford Arms, Brentford, invited a friend to stay to supper. The landlord's son, who was secretary of a local rifle club, had also some personal friends to supper to discuss arrangements for a proposed smoking concert. The landlord gave his guests a drink or two—one of them performed some "thought reading" tricks, and another did some tricks with coins. While all this was in progress two sergeants of police, one of them "a teetotaler who objected to public-houses," passed that way, saw the glimmer of lights through the blinds, mounted the window sill, and, peering through the lattices, said they saw each of the men pay for his own drink; an unusual, not to say extraordinary, thing on the face of it.

The obvious explanation is that the officers, anxious to get a conviction, jumped to conclusions when they saw the coin tricks being done. This is not an unfair inference to draw, because one of them said he heard a man in the room remark that, even if blindfolded, he could tell in what position the others were standing; thus confirming what the landlord said about the thought reading trick. He admitted, in Court, that he saw supper "apparently laid for three or four," but "he did not put that statement in his report." As the evidence of the police was utterly worthless for the support of the charge, the magistrates had no difficulty in dismissing all the summonses. We trust this case is not typical of the attitude of the police towards licensed victuallers generally in Brentford.

The Rev. J. Wood, Vicar of St. Mark's, Higher Levenshulme, says he knows a few elderly couples, who have not only brought up their families in a most respectable way on 20s. or 25s. a week, but "when unable to work any longer were able to live for years upon their savings without being chargeable to anyone." Undoubtedly Nature does reveal valuable secrets to her specially selected. These good people have probably learned how to extract the principles of nourishment from the Yarmouth bloater and the four winds of heaven.

Here is another Budget grievance: The other day one of our readers came across a pal whom he had not seen for a long time. "Come and have a drink," he said. "Thank you, Sergeant-Major, I don't mind if I have a mother-in-law with you," was the reply. "Give me two mothers-in-law, please, miss," said our correspondent, rather doubtfully, to the barmaid, for he was not sure that his leg was not being pulled. The young lady did not hesitate, but at once drew first one "old and bitter," and then another, remarking, as she did so, "Mothers-in-law a halfpenny dearer, owing to the Budget."

It is all very fine for Menelik to proclaim a little grandson as his successor, but the throne of Abyssinia is only to be won by hard fighting.

Having arrived at the conclusion that all the means of production and distribution of wealth throughout the world should be in the hands of the people to be enjoyed by the people, Canon Hicks, of Lincoln Cathedral, is troubled by the "question in his mind" whether the interest on his invested capital should be used partly for his own benefit and partly for the benefit of others, or wholly for the benefit of others. The interest being earned by others in employing the capital, and not at all by himself, he ought to use it solely for the good of others. By way of assisting him to an early decision, we draw his attention to the fact that we are one of the others.

One of our readers, who is an engineer on a steam trawler, some months ago when settling up found his money 2s. 6d. short. He protested against this, but was told to clear out. Being a trade unionist, however, he placed the matter before his society, but was informed that it was too trivial to warrant interference. He then appealed to the Board of Trade, who took the matter up, and through its offices he ultimately received 9s. which was found to have been improperly kept back. The result, however, is that neither he nor his brother, who is in a similar line of business, can now get an engagement in any of the vessels belonging to the firm. We trust we shall not be under the necessity of giving more specific details. Meantime, it looks as though Mr. Churchill were waking up things at Whitehall.

Some of the legislation whereby tradesmen are vexed also needs the attention of Mr. Churchill. Take the Weights and Measures Act. A grocer at Leeds was recently summoned for having an unstamped apothecaries' measure in his possession for use in his trade. The grocer did not know it was unstamped, but the inspector said it was "seriously unjust." The magistrate asked "Which way?" to which the inspector replied, with evident reluctance: "Well, in favour of the customer." So the grocer was fined 10s. and costs for his abominable attempt to cheat himself. Fancy that! Only ten shillings and costs! Why, the wretch ought to have been crucified. Seriously, however, we accuse the inspector of using a treacherous innuendo when he gravely alleged that the measure was "seriously unjust," knowing perfectly well that it was not at all unjust to the public. But for the magistrate's interjection there would have remained a grave slur on the honesty of the grocer. We think that inspector ought to be seriously cautioned. In all probability he will be promoted for his zeal. Meanwhile, why was the grocer punished?

The following, taken from the *Aberdeen Express*, is a bit too pawky for our limited intelligence:—

> Notice No. 38. — Sick Nurses. We do admire your profession, but marry; we will do the rest. Beds, 2s. 6d.; Mail-Cars, 7s. 6d.—that's all.—Reid's, 21, Summer Street.

If Mr. Reid admires the profession of sick nurses, why does he urge them all to marry? Is it with the idea of selling (or leasing) beds to them at 2s. 6d. and mail-cars at 7s. 6d.? If they marry, how does he "do the rest"? Surely he and his staff are incapable of clothing, housing, feeding, and kissing all the sick nurses in the United Kingdom. But perhaps the epilogue "that's all" is intended to restrict the desires of the prospective brides to the two articles enumerated.

We have received a delightful illustrated weekly called *Bus*. It is published in Berlin, and has been full of information about England lately. On the front page is a picture of the Princess of Wales described as Queen Alexandra. Evidently the German spies are not so observant, after all.

Russian ideas of justice are past finding out. A publisher named Selden has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for issuing some of Tolstoi's pamphlets. But the magistrates have declined to institute proceedings against the author. Surely it is a worse crime to write a book than to publish it. The only explanation is that Tolstoi is regarded as an irresponsible crank. In that case, he ought to be restrained in an asylum, if his works are admitted to be criminal. But perhaps the Russian Government is afraid of public opinion.

Speaklng of Russia we are disgusted to learn that Charikof has been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople. He was the Minister at Belgrade at the time of the murders. He undoubtedly knew all about them in advance. He looked through his blinds (from windows immediately facing the palace) while the bodies of the King and Queen were being thrown out into the garden. He will hardly be welcomed by his diplomatic colleagues at Constantinople. And, by the way, it is a coincidence that Gruich, the father of the young lieutenant who, after the murders, rushed wildly through the streets of Belgrade shouting "The tyrants have fallen!" was Servian Minister at Constantinople.

It may be admitted that for a colliery engineman to leave his post is a serious offence. But the Barnsley magistrates clearly did not give sufficient weight to the circumstances in the case of an engineman at the Monckton Main Colliery when they fined him £2 and costs. The man had then been continuously working for twenty-four hours. That stands for industrial slavery, and it seems to us that the proprietors of the colliery were morally responsible for the man's neglect of duty.

The Grimsby County justices are at it again. Since we had occasion to flash our Bull's eye upon them, however, they seem to have developed a discriminative, if startling subtlety. Take the case of two men apprehended at Halborough as vagrants. One of them was caught in the act of begging bread. Him they sent down to do a month's "hard." The other man did not beg, but the police caught him in the act of watching the other fellow, and sharing the spoil when the bread was forthcoming. He therefore got three weeks' hard for "aiding and abetting." This seems a new twist in the law of vagrancy. It has all the appearance of a glorious precedent.

If a man can't beg a few crusts of bread without being sent to gaol for a month, and another man can't watch him do it without being sent to gaol for three weeks, what ought a man to get if and when he tries to earn bread by sharpening saws? In the opinion of the Hayward's Heath magistrates he ought to get seven days. Jim James is a man without permanent home, and, incidentally, without a pedlar's certificate. A few days since a policeman saw him sharpening saws, and probably needing a job as much as Jim, promptly gathered him in, charging him with "wandering abroad and acting as a pedlar by offering his skill" without having a certificate! "Seven days' hard labour," said the magistrates; and Jim went down, this time with a certificate, to vary the work of his hands, in the common gaol. If he was legally convicted, it follows that a plumber or a homeless plasterer out of work who comes to your door and offers his skill on the ceiling or the gas pipes is equally liable to be imprisoned. But *is* such a man a pedlar within the meaning of the Act? In any case, Mr. G. Mowatt, the local magistrate, would have given better evidence of his common sense and common humanity if he had let Jim go with a solemn caution never again to try to keep himself off the rates by sharpening saws. Meanwhile, his worship might try to sharpen his own wits.

Enough of sabbatarianism is as good as a feast; at least, that is what they think at Swansea. Apparently the seizure of Sunday newspapers by the Chief Constable on the instructions of the Watch Committee, whose voice is that of a Dr. Rawlings, is rather more than the Town Council can stomach. By a vote of two to one the members have decided that all further prosecutions for Sunday trading shall be stopped. Naturally the unco' guid of the town are exceedingly disgruntled at this triumph of common-sense, but the rest of the townspeople will doubtless give due thanks to those who have rid them of Sabbatarian influences which had become intolerable.

Another magisterial tragedy. A few weeks ago a Brecon woman, weak, diminutive, "bearing unmistakable traces of physical suffering," an obvious consumptive wreck, was charged with neglecting her two illegitimate children. In other words, she had failed to provide them with sufficient food. The inspector of the R.S.P.C.C. testified that the woman's house was clean, that the children were "fairly clean and fairly clad," and that "so far as her health permitted," the woman was "hardworking, but for six months she had been too ill to work." Despite this evidence, despite that they could see with their own eyes that she was terribly ill, the magistrates sent her to prison for six months. A fortnight later, one of the children died "in the last stages of consumption." In prison, the woman had to be sent into hospital, and further incarceration being dangerous to her health, an order was obtained for her release. Her mother met the train in which she arrived, and found her in a state of collapse. In less than twelve hours she had joined her child. It is almost as difficult to understand why this poor consumptive creature was sent to prison as why she was sent out when she was dying. "It might be said on the one hand," said the Governor of Swansea Gaol, "that she ought never to have been sent to prison, and on the other that she would have died in any case." The tragedy condemns the magistrates without comment of ours. And so we leave them to the judgment of human hearts.

One of the reasons for the success of German enterprise in recent years is the willingness of the captain of industry to keep his eyes skinned with a view to catching new customers by new methods. Take the matter of steamship accommodation. There are plenty of lower middle-class and better-to-do working people who cannot afford to pay second-class fares and who object to the discomforts of steerage; consequently they do not use the great liners, except on sheer necessity. The North German Lloyd has established a third-class, a cut below the second but a cut above the steerage. The experiment seems likely to be a success, and it has been suggested that the British lines might in this matter imitate the Germans as they have done in other respects. But, no; Liverpool and Southampton reply that they have done as much for the "lower class of passengers as is possible," that "finality has been reached." We shall see—when the Germans have collared a few more of these "lower class of passengers."

It is high time that the law distinguished between restaurants and public-houses. There may or may not be a valid reason for preventing thirsty persons from imbibing ale in the small hours, but neither morality nor temperance nor propriety is furthered by the abrupt closure of a harmless supper-party after the theatre. We are aware that in the opinion of the Solicitor-General, there is no need for even a public-house to close at any particular time, provided alcoholic drink is not sold during the prohibited hours, but license-holders seem afraid to "risk" it.

Why *won't* Englishmen procesh? The question has been raised at Oldham by the Rev. Father Stuart. Many of the local Catholics, it seems, told him they were "too shy" to walk in the Whitsuntide procession. "What astonished me," says his reverence, "was that some of these men were married"; a remark that is dark and mysterious and worthy of deep pondering. If a man had enough pluck to propose to a girl, explained the priest, he should have enough pluck to procesh. But he admitted that this was mere speculation: that he had not had personal experience. That's just it! He does not know how much a really nice girl can help one along in the proposing line. Besides, one proposes in a sort of hot spell, whilst a procession is a cold-blooded affair. Frenchmen love to procesh; Americans revel in it. But Englishmen procesh with a hang-dog expression. Anything less joyful than the London May-Day parade we never saw. Years ago the friendly societies' processions were frequent and sometimes large. They are so no longer. A naturally self-conscious people, we appear to be becoming more so.

Lovers of the fantastic should not omit to read a new periodical called *The Equinox*, which appears, like its namesake, twice a year, but at the modest price of 5s. The first and vernal number is a sumptuous tome, adorned with cabalistic designs of the most creepy kind, full of magical lore, replete with beautiful prose. There is a story by Frank Harris, called "The Magical Glasses," which ranks among his masterpieces, and suggests an infinity of procreative thought. There are rules by which, if you can remain for hours in contortions with a saucer of water poised on your head, you can learn to find buried treasure, to become invisible, to change your enemies into animals and so forth. The rules as to "Physical Limitations" are especially interesting:—

> 1. It is desirable that you should discover for yourself your physical limitations.
> 2. To this end ascertain for how many hours you can subsist without food or drink before your working capacity is seriously interfered with.
> 3. Ascertain how much alcohol you can take, and what forms of drunkenness assail you."

Jim Crow elects for No. 3.

We have done the Tramways Committee of the London County Council an injustice. Their newly-electrified route between Coldharbour Lane and West Norwood has been duly passed by the Board of Trade Inspector, and is, we believe, by this time, in working order. If we were incorrect in our first paragraph, we were in good company—the *Daily News* (which never tells a story) having published similar information. But probably it has not apologised.

It is to be hoped that the Bishops and all others whom it may concern will have brought to their notice the reports of the Whalley Ruri-Decanal Conference at which "the great curate scandal" was discussed. We are not whales on curates ourselves, but there is no doubt that many of them do much good in a quiet way; and so long as curates are employed at all, there is no justification for sweating them. Reasonably divided, the income of the Church of England would provide decently for all its clergy. Yet the Vicar of Clitheroe says that "only one clergyman in twelve can ultimately expect to get £200 a year." If all could reasonably expect to get £150 a year it would not be so bad. The Vicar of Clayton-le-Moors is driven by the miserable facts to a strange conclusion, namely, that "we have no moral right to invite young men without means to come forward for the ministry." A pretty pass this for a religion founded by the Man of Sorrows!

On the whole, the world is becoming a difficult place for parsons. There is the case of "An Oxfordshire Vicar," for example. He finds it "impossible to get choir-boys." The youth of his parish have not, however, developed Freethought tendencies, nor do they hide themselves behind ricks, so as to avoid the benevolent protection of the "Children's Charter." No! "As they can earn seven or eight shillings on Sunday acting as golf caddies," they golf-caddie instead of warble. It is desperately wicked, no doubt, but it seems to be irremediable—unless, perchance, the congregation is prepared to pay the urchins as much to sing as they can earn on the links. Even then, there is the temptation of the fresh air and exercise to be reckoned with. Must we amend the "Charter" by adding the Sunday caddie to the criminal classes?

Here is a cheeky advertisement from the *Bromley Chronicle*:—

> A Farmer, having established a Farm in Central Africa, needs loan of £300 to £500 to purchase further improved machinery, and also to enable him to hold out until arrival of Railway three years hence. Generous interest half-yearly or yearly. Preference given to young lady with that amount; good housekeeper and accountant and willing to come out with idea of marriage.

Is the young lady to go all the way out into the wilds of Central Africa in the vague hope that "Nimrod" will like her as well as he likes the idea of her money? If she does go, we hope she will send us her photograph. We are curious about the personality of anybody who will brave the uncertainties of savage life with an unknown husband and is prepared to pay for the privilege. She ought to have the V.C. at least.

The holiday "accident" season is evidently about to commence. In a few weeks the papers will be full of stories of persons falling out of boats, getting into coast currents, straying along the base of cliffs, and being cut off by the tide, and all the usual catalogue of mishaps preventible by the exercise of just the minimum of commonsense and foresight. We should be sorry to see the British public devoting its playtime to nothing but wise and solemn and "improving" pursuits. On the other hand, one may enjoy himself, even at the seaside, without behaving like a hopeless lunatic. It is a discreet thing, for example, before you bathe in a strange place to take counsel with one of those old gentlemen of the All-Trousers persuasion, who help to prop up our fearful and wonderful piers. He would rather earn 6d. by warning you than a shilling by rescuing you. Of course, Trousers may pull your leg—just as someone at Cleveleys has been pulling the legs of the Manchester editors with an astonishing tale of quicksands that is almost as detailed as the narrative of the scareships. But a pipe and a few coppers will generally do the trick, and save much trouble. Of course, the best way to keep ladies from getting into impossible places at the seaside is not to take them there at all—and the same remark applies to the children! Or, as at certain Northern resorts, the youngsters might be ring-fenced under municipal supervision; a scheme which, now that we have the "Children's Charter," we commend to the attention of all authorities.

Lieut.-Colonel G. Mackinlay says that, if the date of the Nativity could be proved,

> the speculations of visionaries who assert that the gospel narratives are mere myths must be overthrown.

Well, we have always been ready to accept the Gospels as—— gospel, but we do not see how they depend upon a rectification of dates.

Interest is given by the "D. S. Windell" and Liverpool Savings Bank cases to the story re-told in "Notes from a Painter's Life," by Mr. C. E. Hallé (just issued by Murray), of how the late Sir Charles Hallé and other trusting old gentlemen were befooled some years ago. A pretty girl called on the Hallés and told the family that her father, who was said to be connected with the Hallé band in Manchester, was lying ill at Brighton, in dire need of money. She had raised a few pounds to send to him, she said; but it was late on the Saturday, and she could not get a money-order. Would Sir Charles give her his cheque in return for eight sovereigns she had? He agreed. Early on Monday, having become suspicious during the Sabbath, the veteran musician sent round to the bank. But the girl had been there before him, five minutes after the door opened. She had cashed his cheque for eighty pounds by the simple device of adding a nought to the figure eight, and a "y" to the word. So be careful, ye unsuspecting Bullites who may be asked to give cheques to specious persons with gold to exchange.

Pity the sorrows of a Lord Mayor. According to Sir William Treloar, who has occupied that distinguished position, the Lord Mayor encounters great people who make themselves so agreeable to him that he fancies they take an interest in him. "They dig him in the ribs and smoke his cigars, but if he meets them in Pall Mall six months later—when he is out of office—well, they don't know him." Evidently somebody of importance has been cutting Sir William rather severely. But it was ever thus when people have much more to expect from the office than from the man. One Lord Mayor is as good as another. He is for a year; but the turtle soup flows on for ever. To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms and bears his blushing honours thick upon him. The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and nips his root; and when he dies, men write his epitaph. "Here in the dust lies Lord Mayor Stones. His faults indeed were many; but he fed us well (Lord rest his bones!) and his smokes were good as any."

We read in the *Gold Coast Advocate* that "His Excellency the Acting-Governor and Mrs. Bryan have removed to the Castle, which has undergone thorough fumigation since Sir John Rodger's departure." Evidently quite the jolly Rodger! We must enquire into the habits which rendered fumigation necessary.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXIX.

THE MILKMAN AND PURE MILK.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For inserting a picture of Lord Brassey escorting Princess Christian to her carriage and entitling same "For Charity's Sake,"

THE TATLER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For relating in "The New Age" that "Mrs. Pearson SLOWLY HURRIED *out,"*

BEATRICE TINA
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following headings: "Quiet Sport at Newmarket—Nimrod Throws Maher and Tries to Roll on Him,"

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a fire broke out on the premises of "the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Northumberland Avenue,"

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

And for adding that when the fire broke out there were "happily numerous persons on the premises,"

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES ANOTHER BISCUIT.

For advancing as an argument in favour of the new whisky tax that "it will produce FIVE *times more than will come to the Exchequer,"*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "intoxicated liquors,"

THE MORNING ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising, "*LARGE *red shorthorn* SOW, *with her roan heifer calf (three days old)."*

MR. MILES, OF SELLINDGE, HYTHE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following item of "General News": "During an inquest at Romford, Essex, on Thursday, it was stated that Henry Frostick died of pneumonia two days after breaking his neck,"

THE LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising that "*BAILIFF, *Working, wants Situation* AS *Lady Day,"*

MR. E. COOK, OF STEBBING, ESSEX,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "these buildings consisted of brick and corrugated iron, WHOLLY WOOD, *and all more or less of a highly inflammable nature,"*

THE ROSS-SHIRE JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that amongst the owners of Derby winners are "*INNUMERABLE *Lords,"*

IDEAS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "On entering the compartment, which was empty, a hat, coat and stick were found."

THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For requiring "at once, smart clean-shaven MAN *and* WIFE."

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For telling their subscribers that the way to "call" the exchange is to place the receiver to their ears,

THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE CO.
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that an Italian's MOTHER *was a* SCOTCHMAN,

A CLERKENWELL CONSTABLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

DOOM OF THE CRANKS, THE FADDISTS, AND THE KILL-JOYS.

In various issues of JOHN BULL during the past two years we have foreshadowed the formation of a JOHN BULL League, and in our editorial notes last week we made the following reference to the subject:—

> The idea of a John Bull League is catching on all over the country. We hope to have everything in readiness at the end of the summer. The League will take a short cut through every other existing organisation—applying the one test of Common Sense to all the problems of the day, and uniting in one great composite body all who—ignoring the platitudes of priests and politicians, and putting aside all cant and self-righteousness—are prepared to think for themselves, act for themselves, and rely upon themselves. Instead of thinking so much about the next life, its members will make the most of this; instead of looking to the Government for everything, they will endeavour to govern themselves; the world will be their country, mankind their brethren—to be worthy men and women, their religion; they will not be any less sinners than others—but they won't be "miserable" ones. The League will be inaugurated at a great meeting in London, and after that, meetings will be called in every large town, and local branches formed. It will be a political body without party, and, we hope, a religious one, without creed. The members will be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean, and that then their souls will look after themselves. A great many parsons may be thrown out of work, and much unskilled labour thus thrown upon the market; but, on the other hand, a vast amount of capital will be liberated. We trust that every reader of this journal who sympathises with the scheme thus foreshadowed, will consider himself a potential member of the League.

As will be gathered from the opening sentence of that paragraph, we were aware that the idea was "catching on"—but the effect of our epitome of the League's programme has been a revelation to us. From every part of the kingdom, and from every section of the community, have come expressions of warm welcome and promises of help.

"Bravo," says a London clergyman, "you may put me down as a member, and when you want it my subscription is ready. You are a much better Christian than you think—better far than many a professing one. 'Keep your body healthy and your mind clean'—yes, then indeed may you safely 'leave your soul to look after itself.' God bless you and sustain you in your work."

And that is the key of the most of the letters we have received. But there is also a practical side to the correspondence. Over a hundred readers have already offered to act as Local Secretaries, undertaking to establish branches of the League in their own districts; sixty-four thousand have asked to be enrolled as members; ten M.P.'s have volunteered to act as Vice-Presidents; four thousand pounds—including a donation of one thousand from a well-known manufacturer (who says "The League is just the thing the country is waiting for; hurry up with it before we are all driven mad")—has been promised towards the funds; "one of the early Suffragette martyrs"—the daughter of a distinguished lady—promises "the support of the women"—as, from our declaration of policy, we "*must* oppose sex persecution"; and so on, and so on.

In these circumstances, we feel that we must not longer delay making a start. We therefore now call upon every reader of this journal to co-operate with us in completing arrangements for the establishment of the League.

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

First, we want an Honorary Local Secretary in every city and town in the United Kingdom. He must be a person with sufficient time available for correspondence with the district members, for attending monthly meetings of the branch, recording its proceedings, and reporting progress regularly to headquarters. Needless to say, he must bear an unblemished personal record, but he may belong to any sect or party—or to none at all. He will remain in office till the first annual meeting of the branch, when he will be eligible for re-appointment, at the will of the members.

As to membership, any person of full age—of either sex—will be eligible. *No subscription will be required*, but collections may be made from time to time, with the sanction of headquarters, for special purposes. All expenses will be defrayed by headquarters. Every applicant will be required to sign a form approving the objects of the League and agreeing to abide by its rules and regulations. That is all.

PROPAGANDA.

The League will endeavour to guide public opinion into healthy and robust channels—irrespective of all theological and political formulas—in accordance with the fundamental principles laid down in its Constitution. At Parliamentary and other elections the members will be advised from headquarters as to the course of their action; whilst, at other periods, public meetings will be held, under the auspices of the League, to consider questions of current interest. JOHN BULL will be the Official Organ of the League, and the proceedings of its various branches will be regularly recorded.

A LEAGUE BADGE.

Every member of the League will be furnished from headquarters with a distinctive Badge, which must be worn on all official occasions, and MAY be worn, at the option of the member, at all times. The wearing of the Badge will serve as an introduction between members in all parts of the country, at all times—especially during holidays and travel.

CONSTITUTION.

A General Constitution will be submitted to an inaugural meeting of the League in London, and, when approved, will be binding upon all branches. Thereafter there will be an Annual Conference—held each year in a district selected by headquarters. At this Conference the Report and Accounts for the year will be submitted, together with resolutions upon matters of public concern. Arrangements will also be made for a social reunion of members.

OBJECTS.

The objects of the League will be clearly defined, but, as already explained, they will be non-party and non-sectarian. They will also be non-insular. The members will be Big Britishers—Big Bullites, but not big Bullies. But let it be clearly understood that the methods of the League will be constitutional, and its members law-abiding. It will, however, strive to make our Constitution in fact what it is in theory—representative of every section of the community and just to each; whilst the Law must consist of simply such regulations as may be necessary for the protection and liberty of the subject. As we said in the very first number of this journal, speaking of our own policy, the League will have no politics—except the general welfare of the State; no religion—except to do good; no race—except the human one. The parson and the politician it will look upon as temporary necessities—the one a spiritual and the other a temporal policeman, and it will endeavour to hasten the day when neither will be required.

There, in a nutshell, is the policy of the League. If you like it, will you join us? If so, watch our journal for further announcements. From to-day the ball is set rolling. We mean business—and woe unto the Cranks and Faddists, the Kill-Joys and the Prigs, the Chadbands and the Stigginses—and all the other professors of that Self-Righteousness which degradeth a nation.

PARASITES.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

If you take the average boy by the ear, and ask him what he means to be when he grows up, he may say engine-driver, or butcher, or archbishop, or pirate. He will never say scavenger, or bimetallist, or bum-bailiff, or hangman, or detective agent. Yet, when he does grow up, he may easily adopt one of those professions by his own free choice. That is the process described by metaphysicians as the transfer of illusions. The generous, unpractical aspirations of extreme youth are cast away, much as Saint Paul put away childish things; the unattractive employments are deliberately selected, either from a hope of less competition, or a subconscious, perhaps hereditary, sympathy for mire.

Peddling Parasites.

This sympathy might be crystallised as the parasitical temperament, and we shall be surprised, on reflection, how widespread it is. Take the more praiseworthy parasites—tradesmen, for instance. Of course, many purveyors are necessary to the comfort of the community. But others are mere vermin, who only continue to exist through our lazy, culpable good-nature. They stock a shop with so-called goods—bads would be a better term—bought on credit from other traders. They add to the price enough to cover their rent, food, women, drink, chapels, music-halls, and investments. We are calmly expected to pay this unearned increment, to keep these drones in idleness and luxury: if we prefer to procure cheap, sound articles elsewhere, we are held up to obloquy as contemptible curmudgeons. Yet many of us are weak and foolish enough to heed the whine of "local industry," and small thanks do we receive. Scarcely have we been cajoled into giving an order, than we are dunned with piteous tales about heavy bills, or with empty babble about balancing books, or with a hundred-and-one flimsy forms of importunity.

In Praise of Bums.

Big fleas, according to the poet, have little fleas that bite 'em, and so *ad infinitum*. With the same instinct, your unnecessary shopman facilitates the existence of yet more offensive blood-suckers. There are debt-collecting agencies, employed to importune the needy vicariously. They will harry you shamelessly, and even make utterly illegal demands for the requital of their evil services. Then, at a later stage, there are seedy-looking men, who lie in wait for you with legal documents, or force their way to sell you up, or tap you on the shoulder and conduct you to gaol if you cannot pay. I dare say all these wretches are really blessings in disguise. We are told by pious persons that even wasps and flies and scorpions have their uses, and certainly bums, duns, and other smokers of clay-pipes serve to emphasise the foolishness of running into debt. But imagine, if you can, the mental and moral degradation of the parasite who can be driven by any stress to batten thus on the helplessness of the poor. Decent artisans contrive to freeze out blacklegs by the vigorous measures known as peaceful persuasion. Why do not decent debtors band themselves together and make life intolerable for the lower limbs of the law? Let us have a Debtors' Protection League.

Parasites of Pleasure.

Perhaps the most obnoxious breed of parasite is that which feeds on our recreations. You take a wife out to dinner (whether she be yours is not germane to my argument): at once you are marked out, as the sheep before the shearers. Everything that is tasteless and out of season is foisted upon you; bad champagne is offered at the price of good, every palm itches, contempt increases with your generosity. On a racecourse, at Monte Carlo, in a music-hall, in church, wherever you are obviously bent on pleasure, you are openly, flagrantly, unblushingly robbed. In any big town—more particularly Paris—you are pestered by satanical persons anxious to pilot you through the sinister labyrinths of sin. Their livelihood, their happiness, their success in life depends on your degradation.

Parson Parasites.

Religion as well as love has parasites. I am not one of those who gird at the clergy. Indeed, I have the utmost admiration for the moral policemen, who devote their lives to the regeneration of the race. But I have no patience with the fat clerics who are content to mumble a mass or drone out drowsy platitudes, whose only concern is for the repletion of the alms-bags, who live like fighting-cocks in an atmosphere of cant. I agree that the labourer is worthy of his hire, but what about the devout drone? What of the bloated secretary, who sits at the receipt of custom in a plush office, garnering subscriptions from the charitable, and absorbing the lion's share under the guise of expenses? The oiliness of the wretch renders him a thousandfold more offensive than the plain, frank thief. Yet is he often held in high esteem, flattered as a philanthropist.

Political Parasites.

Even in politics—that twin sister of true religion—we find the verminous breed. In every town, in every village we find sleek, black-coated individuals who live by the parrot repetition of party cries. If they do not receive hard cash, at least they find their reward in enhanced consideration, in undeserved encouragement at the hands of partisans. Instead of reasoning out the problems of the hour in the interests of humanity, they think only of cheap party triumphs. Honourable, perhaps, in private life, they become rogues, tricksters, hucksters, directly they enter the domain of public affairs.

Social Suckers.

An ingenuous person might imagine that at least the amenities of society would be free from a sordid side. When you or I make merry with our friends, we seek the pleasure of sprightly conversation, the exchange of elevating thoughts, the conviviality of jovial jests. We do not pause to consider whether our guests are rich or useful. But there are, alas, beings so degraded that they never give a ball or go out to dinner without sordid calculation. There are even reptiles who live by introducing the new rich to the old aristocracy.

The Origin of Parasites.

Many are under the impression that these fawning parasites derive their name from insects or plants with the same tendencies. As a matter of fact, it is the other way about. A parasite was originally a magistrate who gathered of the husbandmen the corn allotted for public sacrifices. (Literally the word means "near corn.") According to Potter's "Antiquities of Greece": "Diodorus the Sinopesian in Athenæus tells us, that, in every village of the Athenians, they maintained at the publick charge certain *parasiti* in honour of Hercules; but afterwards, to ease the commonwealth of this burden, the magistrates obliged some of the wealthier sort to take them to their tables, and entertain them at their own cost; whence this word seems in later ages to have signified a *trencher-friend*, a *flatterer*, or *one that for the sake of a dinner* conforms to every man's humour." Dr. Johnson defines a parasite as "one that frequents rich tables, and earns his welcome by flattery." The immortal Bacon sings:

"Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears."

But there is not much meekness about a modern parasite. Sometimes he sits on the front Opposition or Government bench.

HOW I BECAME A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

By Sixty-Six.

I am not now, and never was, in favour of total abstinence from that which is good in itself, but which, if taken to excess, would intoxicate, or make me "the worse for" whatever it may be; eating, drinking, sleeping, or exercise, or any other of the privileges a beautiful Providence has given me. I do not pledge myself to do anything more than to observe Nature's laws as far as possible, according to the light that has been given to this humble atom of humanity. I do not take prussic acid, arsenic, or even laudanum, but no pledge is necessary. The instinct of self-preservation is enough for my purpose. It is impossible to "prove all things," but it is useful to observe the effect of what one does. I have made two attempts at total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors—one of three, and the other of two years' duration. The results were not satisfactory. Now comes what may appear to be a digression, but in fact it is nothing of the kind, but is the painful crux of the whole matter. In the reign of William IV. (4 and 5 Wm. IV.), there was passed an "An Act for establishing a new Court for the Trial of Offences committed in the Metropolis and Parts adjoining." This is dated July 25th, 1834. The parts adjoining consist of portions of Middlssex, Essex, Kent and Surrey; and clause 20, *inter alia*, provides that the Judges "of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol delivery," shall have power "to order and direct such portion as they shall think fit of the Expense of preparing Calendars and Sessions Papers, and of other expenses incident to this Act, to be borne and paid by the Treasurer of each of the said Counties, and such Portion shall be paid by such Treasurers accordingly." Under this Act, I joined the firm of Official Reporters who produced the Sessions Paper, and continued till the death of the partners in 1905-6, my duties ceasing in February, 1906. In March, 1893, I accepted the invitation of the City Lands Committee, and became a citizen. In 1906 I reminded this Committee of my 40 years' service, and received the reply that mine was not a case for their cognizance. The result is I am a total abstainer from a great deal more than intoxicating liquors. What is your number? Mine is—Sixty-Six.

"BARON" OTT.

In Which Some Facts are Related Concerning a Man Named Adolf Maximilian Ott, Calling Himself Baron Ott, and Allowing It to be Thought that He is the Archduke John of Austria.

A HINT TO SCOTLAND YARD.

Among the many visitors to London just now is a person who calls himself Baron Ott, and who allows it to be thought that he is, in fact, the Archduke John of Austria, who took the name of John Orth, and is supposed to have been drowned at sea. The Archduke, were he alive, would be in his 57th year. Baron Ott, as he calls himself, says he is of similar age—in fact, he is about 45. His full name is Adolf Maximilian Ott. He is a very impudent impostor.

It is now some 18 years since this man left Austria for the Argentine, where he got possession of a gold mine in Catamarca. It was of little or no value, but he has been trading upon this concession ever since, although as yet he has not succeeded in selling the property. When he last left Buenos Aires he was owing the Grand Hotel some 5,000 dollars—say £500—and whilst at the hotel he had fleeced even porters and chambermaids. He left Buenos Aires for England in May, 1907, leaving behind him, unprovided for, a wife for whom later on a public subscription was started in order to send her back to Salzburg. On board the Royal Mail Steamer coming home Ott amused himself by seducing the wife of a gentleman on board, the sequel to which is to be found in the records of the Divorce Court. On their arrival in England, Ott and the lady lived for a time at the Hotel Russell, until there was trouble about their hotel bill. Then they went to Belgrave Mansions, leaving there immediately upon the decision of the Divorce Court, which gave the husband a decree *nisi*.

Early in last month Ott "dropped into Ottawa," as the *Evening Citizen* of the Canadian capital describes it, and whilst there the rumour got about that he was the Archduke John of Austria, the long-missing heir to the throne of that country. The "Baron" took no steps to correct the impression that he was the Archduke, but rather gave the public to believe that he was the missing prince. At first he seems to have been taken up by leading residents in Ottawa, but it was noted that he was not invited to Government House. A short time after his arrival he was joined by two gentlemen from London, and the three opened negotiations with Canadian interests, through a local firm, for the purpose of acquiring the charter of a railway to Hudson's Bay. So far as his two associates were concerned there is nothing to suggest that they were not acting in good faith. They, it seems, were to do the financing for the proposed railway, and Ott was to colonize the road with tenants from his extensive estates in Austria. Accompanying the trio was a banker of New York, supposed to represent millions of capital; but the scheme came to nought, and Mr. R. V. Sinclair, a barrister acting for the parties concerned in the railway transaction, has declared that further than that Ott was supposed to be acting for parties in England in the matter of the railway concession, he knew nothing about him.

We said just now that this man Ott left Buenos Aires owing the Grand Hotel some £500. According to the evidence in the Divorce proceedings he was turned out of the Hurlingham Club there, and also of a club at Rio de Janeiro, for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and there was trouble on board the R.M.S. *Thames*. Where he finds the money necessary to keep up appearances is not clearly known, but it may be taken that it is a case of plucking pigeons. Indeed, we have reason to believe that the young man whose case was before Mr. Justice Darling the other day, who had contrived to run through £200,000 before he was 23, and who was sued by Messrs. Jenkinson and Allardyce for a tailor's bill, has been relieved of some thousands by this individual.

The attention of the Austrian Ambassador has been directed to the doings of Ott. We suggest that Scotland Yard should have its eye upon him, and we refer to his case here because he is still in London with the object of fleecing anybody and everybody who is ready to believe in his ridiculous statements about his personality. The man is a very complete rascal, who ought to be laid by the heels, and we hope our reference to him will, at least, make it more difficult for him to find dupes.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

BY WALTER MOORE.

II.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

After much anxious consideration, I decided that "particoloured" garments would be the best attire in which to approach the President of the Board of Trade. By means of a judicious mixture of Liberal and Conservative hues I hoped to make a favourable impression and encourage the frankness of speech which was necessary for the success of my enterprise.

The event justified my expectations. Whichever way I turned I presented to Mr. Winston Churchill's gaze a colour that either claimed his present allegiance or aroused sympathetic and, maybe, regretful recollections.

I found the Cabinet Minister busily correcting proofs of his latest book, "How I Shot Lions Before Roosevelt—And Don't You Forget It."

"When do you expect to publish?" I asked.

"That I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Churchill. "In view of the fact that the American navy is not included in our Two-Power-Standard calculations, I am anxious not to arouse the animosity of our trans-Atlantic cousins.

"At the same time," pursued Mr. Churchill, "I am determined that my own African hunting exploits shall not be eclipsed by the slaughter-expedition of the ex-President."

"No doubt you will find a way out," I said.

"Sure to. I found a way out from Pretoria."

"Also a way out from the Conservative Party," I hazarded, presenting my Liberal side to his view.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the President of the Board of Trade, "that is so. And it wasn't so badly done. Eh? What?"

"You found there was small chance of promotion in the Conservative camp, I take it?"

"You have hit it," responded Mr. Churchill.

"Will ye no come back agen?" I sang, adopting the Dundee accent, but at the same time turning round and showing the Conservative hue.

Mr. Churchill looked thoughtful. "That depends," he said, after a short pause. "You see, not yet having finished growing, every time I change I require a larger suit—and there might not be enough to go round. F. E. Smith, you see, is developing almost as rapidly as myself. And—well, to paraphrase Milton, 'Better to reign in Dundee than serve in Manchester.'"

Turning round rapidly two or three times, so as to give Mr. Churchill a somewhat blurred impression of party colouring, I enquired what were his ideas as regards Free Trade.

"That depends entirely upon the character of the meeting I happen to be addressing. You see, it really doesn't matter much what one says at a meeting. One can always explain things away in a letter to the Press, questioning the accuracy of the reporters, and writing in a superior tone about 'violently wrenching certain sentences from their context.'"

"In other words," I suggested, "you can always accuse newspapers and reporters of terminologi——"

"Stop, for Heaven's sake!" cried the President of the Board of Trade, clasping his hands and sinking to his knees. "*Not that* word, I beseech you. Spare my young hairs!"

Anxious to restore my victim's equanimity, I hastened to say, "What I was about to ask was, when do you expect the termin——"

"Mercy!" screamed Mr. Churchill. "Have you no compassion?"

"Be calm," I murmured, soothingly; "I would merely ask when is the termi——"

Mr. Churchill groaned, and put a finger in each ear.

"——nation of the present Government to be expected?" I roared.

Mr. Churchill shuddered, but looked inexpressively relieved.

"Excuse my emotion," he gasped; "I have much to try me. Photographs of myself and wife recently appeared in the *Daily Mirror*, and my nerves have not yet completely recovered. With regard to the dissolution of Parliament, you may depend that we shall hang on as long, if not longer, than we can. The pot must boil, you know."

"Mind you don't find yourself in the stew," I warned.

"Oh, I should find a way out," he returned, confidently.

"Yes," I said, turning to leave, and showing the Opposition colours, "probably on the end of the Conservative fork!"

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

In business offices where best ink is necessary

Stephens' Ink

is always used.

USE IT AT HOME

—it costs no more.

N. B. FOR SAFETY Stephens' Ink is preferably supplied in STONE bottles. but it is also issued in GLASS bottles (32ozs., 16ozs., 8ozs., 4ozs.) in corrugated cartons to reduce risk of breakage.

AN IDYLL OF LORD'S.

By HUGH WYAND.

Bailey was a cricket enthusiast which, by the way, is a thing quite distinct from an enthusiastic cricketer. He had not played the game for years; he followed it.

But cricket was not the only thing Bailey followed. He followed a fair maid named Ruby. She let him do so; but he did not follow her as he followed cricket—from a safe distance—with the result that he was well caught by her before he had got his eye in.

It was autumn when he promised that she should one day become Mrs. Bailey, and all through the long winter months he was at Ruby's beck and call.

But the spring came, and Bailey's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of cricket. He missed a few M.C.C. matches at Lord's without much regret; but the first county match was nearly due, and his blood tingled at the thought of it.

One day he said to Ruby, "Would you like to come to Lord's with me?"

She thought it was a place like Lyons's or Selfridge's, and answered "Yes. Where is it?"

"At St. John's Wood," replied Bailey lightly, "where they play cricket, you know."

"Oh!"

Ruby pouted and looked disappointed.

"I'm sure you'll like it," he assured her. "It's quite a fashionable resort, you know. On big match days it's a real promenade."

Ruby still pouted. "Oh, I suppose I'd better come," she said at length; "but it seems to me you are more fond of your silly old cricket than you are of me!"

Bailey protested.

"Mind! If I don't like it, I shan't stop."

"Oh, you'll like it right enough," he insisted; but he had his doubts all the same.

* * * * * * *

Bailey was so much of a cricket enthusiast that he always insisted upon taking up his position on the Mound Stand. "It's the best place," he told her. "You can see the flight of the ball better there than anywhere else."

This was Greek to Ruby, but she followed him meekly through the sixpenny turnstile.

"Have I got to sit on this dirty old seat?" she asked, as he led her to his favourite place near the old Press Box.

"It's not dirty, dear," he replied, wiping it with his handkerchief. Ruby sat down gingerly in her light flimsy frock.

Bailey had tried to explain to her some of the rudiments of the game, but without success. All that she had grasped was the fact that *his* county was playing another county.

"I hope we shall win," she murmured. "Do you think we shall?"

The bell rang, and the two umpires came out—one short, in a long white coat; the other long, in a short white coat.

"Oh! do look at those funny men!" exclaimed Ruby. "I suppose they are selling *nougat* or something."

Bailey explained.

The fielding side came on the ground, followed by two batsmen. These last Bailey applauded heartily; they were two of his favourites.

After three or four preliminary deliveries by the bowler, the game commenced.

Bailey was following every ball sent down. That demon with the curly run was bowling to his pet batsman, and he was sending them down well to the "off." Would he tempt him?

Ruby broke in upon his absorption. "Why doesn't he hit them? He can't play much, can he?"

And this of his fancy batsman!

For ten minutes hardly a run was scored. At last the batsman opened his shoulders, and let fly at a ball more on the wicket. A safe man on the boundary ran in a dozen yards and took it level with his knees—a splendid catch!

Bailey's face fell.

"Ah! that's better," said Ruby; "he hit that one all right, didn't he? Are we winning?"

"He's out!" growled Bailey. "One of our best wickets gone and only five runs scored!"

Ruby didn't think it was fair.

The next man stone-walled. Ruby yawned.

"Oh!" she said suddenly, "do look at that funny hat down there." Bailey was following the slow leg-breaks of the other bowler, and didn't answer. "Can't you see?" she added. "There! just in front of that clergyman with the big sandwich."

As Bailey took his eyes off the field and searched for the funny hat to pacify her, a tremendous yell went up, "How's that?"

Bailey's other crack bat had been deceived by getting a straight one from the leg-break bowler, and was out "leg before"—and Bailey hadn't seen it.

Two wickets down for twelve runs.

Another quiet half-hour ensued, both batsmen playing for "keeps"; while Ruby became more and more bored every minute.

"How do you think I should look in a dress like that? I think I shall have my next one made like it," she volunteered. But Bailey was all inattention.

She subsided, and read the match-card through again.

"Do you know, I *could* fancy a piece of chocolate," she remarked at length. "I know you can get it here, for I saw a little stall as I walked round. Shall I hold your paper for you?"

Bailey groaned inwardly, and started on the quest for chocolate. The moment he had got down the steps far enough to be out of sight of the ground, a round of applause went up from the spectators. Something had happened at last, and he had missed it. While he was purchasing the chocolate, another roar went up. He rushed back, but before he had climbed the stairs, a terrific yell of triumph rent the air.

"What has happened? Who's out?" he panted, as he regained his seat.

"I don't know, dear," she replied calmly. "I wasn't looking. Have you got the chocolate? Oh! what a pity! I hate Cadtree's. Hadn't they got Rownbury's?"

"I don't know anything about it. Here it is," and he gave it to her quite rudely.

A kindly spectator explained what had happened. The batsman, tired of "playing the barn-door game," had made two magnificent drives over the rails. In attempting a third, he was splendidly "caught and bowled" high up with the left hand. And Bailey had missed it all again!

After this, Ruby ceased to take any further interest in anything that was happening. With a look of placid indifference on her face, varied by a smile of resignation whenever Bailey glanced her way, she devoted all her attention to her paper and the clock.

The cricket was waking up now, and the fourth wicket was putting quite a different complexion on the game; but all Bailey's enthusiasm was chilled to the core by that silent little martyr at his side.

Once she broke the silence, and asked what time the luncheon interval took place.

He told her, "Two o'clock."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, and subsided into her newspaper again.

At a quarter to two Bailey got up.

"I think we'd better go now," he said impatiently.

She ignored the tone, and replied sweetly, "As you like, dear."

So they went. Bailey handed his return passes to two ragged urchins outside, and finished the day looking at the shops with Ruby.

"Sensational play at Lord's!" was the first placard that met Bailey's eye, as they emerged from the stuffy little restaurant where they had had tea. That was the last straw! Bailey muttered a dreadful oath, and took a solemn one. The dreadful one he muttered need not be recorded, but the solemn one he took was to the effect that he would never take Ruby to a cricket match again as long as he lived.

Neither did he. He married her before the next season—and went by himself.

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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM—FROM THE TOP.

One of the most thriving trades in England to-day is that of idol-making. The average Englishman of the twentieth century is not conspicuously religious, but he is very superstitious. He does not make idols for himself—for he comes of an unimaginative stock and is ordinarily preoccupied with business or pleasure—but he permits other people to make idols for him, and he joins in the prescribed worship zealously, even with a certain consciousness of civic virtue! For those who worship the idolatry is very expensive, for the idol-makers and hierophants it is very profitable, and they spare nothing—sometimes not even truth—to make it popular.

Of all the idols in the Englishman's Pantheon, not one is worshipped more complacently or credulously than the Civil Service. Confessedly, our Civil Service is not corrupt—for, whatever its defects, it is composed of average decent Englishmen—and for this, doubtless, we may (without any superstition) "thank with brief thanksgiving whatever gods there be." In the idol held up to us, however, this inconsiderable piece of commonplace virtue is almost hidden by masses of pretentious tinsel, for which an equal worship is claimed, and *that* worship cannot be given without much superstition.

Completely to set forth the superstitions of this particular idolatry would take a volume. In this article we can deal with only one of them. The man in the street—who pays for all our superstitions—believes that the days of patronage are over, that the Civil Service has been thrown open, that promotion is no longer affected by class-preferences. In this, as in so many other matters, the man in the street is pitiably mistaken. Undoubtedly, the lower grades of the Civil Service *have* been thrown open. In most offices the clerical staff consists chiefly of Second Division men. Undoubtedly, the Second Division *is* filled by open competition, and, undoubtedly, the regulations which govern it *do* provide for "promotion by merit."

That provision, however, is almost (if not quite) ineffective—*vox et præterea nihil*. The higher grades of the service are still largely filled by patronage, and that patronage is exercised with the clear and deliberate intention of excluding from those grades men who have the misfortune to be merely competent. More than one pretended reason is plausibly put forth to justify this exclusion, but the real reason for the exclusion is one that is never avowed. *Open competition men are excluded from promotion in order that the higher grades of the Service may be reserved for men of a different social status.* And the men who are thus preferred—what are they? One would not be unjust to them. Many of them are University men, others have some kind of professional standing, and, indeed, they creditably represent those more or less educated nondescripts who to-day in such numbers drift ambiguously and helplessly along the margins of the middle class. They cannot dig, they are ashamed to beg—so they enter the Civil Service. *"These be thy gods, O Israel!"* For the sake of these men the open competition men are intentionally depressed. This unjust preference is mischievous in more than one way.

(*a*) It impairs the efficiency of the clerical staff. The open competition man, compelled to stagnate amid trifles, either degenerates (in the course of years) to the level of those trifles, or makes primary interests for himself outside his office. In either case the public service suffers.

(*b*) After twenty or five-and-twenty years, the salaries of the open competition men, although (in some cases) grotesquely small for the men themselves, become extravagantly large for the trivial duties to which these men are arbitrarily confined.

(*c*) To compensate for the absence of legitimate promotion, special posts are sometimes created (off the line of promotion), and to these posts special salaries are assigned—salaries which are higher than the maximum salary of the ordinary clerical grades.

Although this compensation is insultingly inadequate, it imposes a quite unnecessary burden upon the taxpayer, for (once again) the work is extravagantly overpaid. These posts are officially said to be created in recognition of special duties, but ordinarily the duties thus recognised are quite unimportant. Some slight supervision of routine work, or the charge of files or stationery—these are the commonest pretexts for this kind of promotion.

The subject is indefinitely fruitful in suggestion, but probably enough has been said to make plain this one primary truth—*Civil Service Reform, to be adequate, must begin at the top.*

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

The Pleasures of a Good Pipe Tobacco

are very real; so much so that many smokers buy expensive mixtures to endeavour to make sure of having them. Yet the required qualities are more :: dependent upon the selection and blend of the tobaccos used than high price.

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the same, but fuller flavoured.

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V4

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLVI.

The following is sent to us from a lady who signs herself Adria de Saint Lysle. We have verified the statements :—

I venture to address you, in order to ask you whether you will help me, as you have helped others, to obtain work.

I have read several of your "Human Documents" in JOHN BULL, and have wondered whether any of the writers has known what it is to suffer and struggle, as I, an absolutely friendless woman, have to suffer and struggle, with no one to care whether I live or die.

I was released from prison in January of last year, after serving a sentence of five years' penal servitude for fraud. I may say that I am an accomplished musician, holding a degree obtained at Leipsic; and I am acquainted with several languages.

I have found it utterly impossible to obtain any permanent employment. I obtained a situation at Catford. I went there on March 10th last, and was compelled to leave at the expiration of a fortnight owing to the fact that my employer became aware that I had been in prison—which information was supplied him by one of the persons who had given me a reference to enter this situation.

Do you know of anyone who will give me work—knowing from whence I come?

If it is in your power to help me in this way, I shall be indeed most grateful, and will work honestly and fearlessly for the right to live, which is denied me at present.

In reference to Human Document XLIV., we shall be obliged if "A Curate" will send us, in confidence, his address. Also "A Poor Woman," who has sent us a Postal Order for 5s. on behalf of the writer of the document, and "A Sympathiser" who has given us 2s. We have also received on the same behalf 2s. 6d. from Mr. May, of 32, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

"TOILER" SINGS.

"Jim, this is my idea of pleasure:
A hen or two for table use, and custards,
Fish for the taking, whene'er the rod we'd play,
Wild ducks from off the moors, and bustards,
Or other fish or fowl which came our way—
Drink from the crystal spring. . . . .
But Jim the curtain down doth ring.

HOW AN OLD SOLDIER DIED—AND WAS BURIED.

Empire Day naturally recalls the old veterans who fought for their country. Especially our thoughts turn to those who went through the stress and turmoil of the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny. A Crimean veteran, named James Mineham, died at Bermondsey last week. He was 86 years of age, and for 21 years served in the First Rifle Brigade, taking part in the two Kaffir expeditions of 1846–7 and 1851–3, and the Crimean War. He held the medals for these campaigns, the Crimean with four clasps, Sebastopol, Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. The old man had lost an eye through an accident at a shooting range when employed as a musketry instructor.

For the past 12 or 14 years he was past work, and lived on his munificent pension of 1s. 3d. a day, which two years ago was increased to 1s. 6d., being assisted by his niece, a widow, with whom he had lived for two years. She is a button-hole maker, and on 9s. a week has had to keep two children, but latterly her eyesight failed her, and she has been unable to work. The strange part of it all is that the old man, with the exception of £3 he received at Christmas, 1907, from the Rifleman's Aid Association, has received nothing from the huge sums subscribed by the public for the relief of the Crimean heroes. He was a proud and reserved man, and refused to trade on his distress. Inquiries were made by the Charity Organisation Society, but it is evident they either were prejudiced or failed to grasp the facts of the case, for no help came for the veteran. It might be added that Mineham had been in receipt of 2s. a week extra from the State since the introduction of the Old Age Pensions. The family were in great straits, and the niece, Mrs. Waud, with whom he lived, did not know what to do to defray the funeral expenses. She had written to the Sailors' and Soldiers' Help Society but, as no reply came within 36 hours, Lord Roberts was communicated with. The result was that Major Tudor Craig, the secretary of the Society, offered to pay the funeral expenses providing they were not more than £4, and several prominent residents of Bermondsey, provided the balance. Thus does the country treat its old warriors.

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"A LUNACY SCANDAL."

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

We print below a letter we have received from a London doctor, being anxious always to give both sides of a question. Our correspondent is half inclined to class us amongst the scaremongers, because we say that even nowadays the sane may be incarcerated in asylums without any certainty of their getting out again before their surroundings make them actually insane. Referring to Miss Fawcett's case, our correspondent says that inquiry would show that the Commissioners have had many interviews with the lady, and would have released her long ago had her mental condition warranted it, and he cites repeated attempts at suicide as evidence of mental derangement. The Commissioners may or may not have interviewed Miss Fawcett, and in our last reference to this matter we expressly stated that her mind had become unhinged, a calamity that might have been prevented if during the past years she had been in happier surroundings. Our contention throughout has been, as it remains, that when any friends of a person confined in a lunatic asylum—such persons being of good repute—are convinced that he or she is improperly detained, it ought to be open to them, provided they are willing to pay the cost, to have an independent medical examination of the person concerned, and that it is a cruel farce to forbid any such examination unless it be undertaken with the assent of the person responsible for the incarceration, who, if anybody, has interested reasons for continuing it. Our correspondent's letter is as below:—

DEAREST JOHNNIE,

How you do run on to be sure. I admire your letters, postcards, telegrams, etc., so much, not to mention your animadversions on bogus companies and all other kind of swindles and abuses, that I feel I cannot allow you to go on filling your valuable columns with the nonsense of the kind contained in your issue of the 22nd ult.

I have no specific knowledge of the above case, nor do I know any of her relatives or her connections. I am writing as a late Medical Officer of one of the largest private asylums in England, and can therefore claim to know something of the Lunacy Commissioners, lunatics, and last, but not least, a *lunatic's relatives*.

The days of "Hard Cash" are past, and woebetide the medical superintendent, the certifying doctor, or the magistrate (specially appointed under the Lunacy Act of 1890 and 1891) who attempts to keep a sane person in one of these places licensed by the Lunacy Commissioners.

Does it not occur to you that the fact of this unfortunate lady having made lately several attempts at suicide, is in itself an evidence of insanity?

An inmate will always give a reason for an insane act unless, of course, he is hopelessly and completely demented.

By far the greater number of melancholics and the subjects of delusional insanity (Paranoia) will tell you they have no right to be shut up and are perfectly sane, and are continually writing to the Commissioners to that effect. N.B.—Every one of these letters has to be forwarded to the Commissioners *unopened immediately*, under a penalty of fine or imprisonment, at which office every letter is dealt with, and if the slightest improvement is manifest, a letter of inquiry as to the patient's mental condition is sent to the medical officer by the Commissioners in Lunacy. It is the pertinacity of the relatives very often that makes the medical officer act against his better judgment and causes the premature discharge of the patient and the resulting suicide or homicide, as the case may be.

During my five years' tenancy of the office before alluded to I have had the opportunity of gauging the ordinary general practitioner's knowledge of mental diseases, and I have found a very great proportion have confessed to almost an entire ignorance of the subject. I have frequently been asked by them why this and that case has been shut up, as they were unable to find anything abnormal. If the truth were known about the case of Miss Fawcett WE SHOULD FIND THAT NOT ONE, BUT A DOZEN, INTERVIEWS AND REPORTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE BETWEEN THE COMMISSIONERS, THE UNFORTUNATE PATIENT AND THE MEDICAL OFFICER. From over ten years' experience, I can say with certainty that no Government Office is worked with greater care, patience, and labour, and certainly no Office has a fiercer light beating on it, nor any with less thanks or public appreciation. A sane person would always have hope of convincing the Commissioners (who, by-the-by, visit these places four times a year and are bound to grant a private interview to any patient requesting same) of his sanity. An insane one has morbid ideas and attempts his own life either from a delusion of persecution or under the idea that he is not fit to live.

Rest perfectly assured that it is a matter in these days of *utter impossibility* to keep a sane person in an asylum for a single day without risk of penal servitude on the part of the medical officer and others conspiring.

"TOO OLD AT 36."

"F. W." REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Some months ago I read one of your "Human Documents" relating to an unemployed clerk. I weaved the principal facts into a short story, added a few "embellishments" for the sake of verisimilitude, and in due course it appeared in JOHN BULL. Unfortunately, exigencies of space caused it to be somewhat curtailed, but enough remained apparently to confer unexpected fame.

Of the two expressions of opinion printed, I much prefer "J. O. E.'s." It has the merit of conciseness, and that virtue excuses its rather vulgar phrasing. If I cared to emulate this correspondent, "drivel" is precisely the word I should be inclined to use in regard to the other critic hailing from Gipsy Hill.

This gentleman falls into the error of thinking my short and simple annal of the poor clerk was a revelation of the author's own self-consciousness, as it were. This is rather a compliment to my hitherto unthought-of powers of delineation. The unintentional tribute will spur me on to furnish further opportunities for the display of a somewhat peculiar style of criticism, as novel as it is nonsensical. For this gentleman's special edification, I therefore add parenthetically (1) I am not an unemployed clerk. (2) I am not 36, (3) my hostages to fortune fall far short of five, (4) I have never committed suicide (5) I cannot play the violin, (6) my wife absolutely refuses to die in the workhouse, and, lastly, I don't go to church.

Perhaps I may be allowed to pass a few criticisms on the critic and his wonderful budget of cures achieved by pills in severe cases of earthquake. "Provided a man has health and strength, he ought never to be out of work." I agree, he ought not; the trouble is, he very often is. The calm assurance of the next extraordinary utterance is nearly overpowering: "I would not be out (of work) a day, and if I left my usual work this week, I guarantee I would give my wife 30s. a week"! With facts staring us in the face, what *can* one say to such rubbish as that?

I do not propose to follow Mr. Sleet in his kipper and bloater hunt. I accept his assurance that these delectable dainties are the one thing needful "within a mile of Billingsgate." But personal experience of the home of the unrefined vernacular leads me to note a large number of men hanging about at times refusing to buy because they cannot find a market—even beyond the one-mile confine. I believe you can sell almost anything at the Baltic; but I rather fancy kippers are on the index expurgatorius and there are City aldermen who would turn up their noses (and toes) at the thought of bloaters. Given a choice, for scent's sake, I should prefer his second suggestion—Covent Garden and cabbage-carrying; but I fear the recognised market porter would touch the badge on his arm significantly, and invite me to a form of exercise in which he would undoubtedly be my superior, even at 3.30 a.m. Still, if there are any unemployed clerks in London, the hint may be worth their consideration, supposing one hasn't the "halfpenny to buy blacking and go out boot-polishing" without box, brushes, or licence.

As Mr. Sleet recognises there is unemployment, may I suggest he starts a "School for the Instruction of Clerks in Kipper Pushing"? He "knows he could work up a connection in his own neighbourhood worth £20 in three months." This is a valuable contribution to the various other panaceas, and I beg him to lay the suggestion, with samples, before the President of the Local Government Board. If he were accompanied by some of the nobility of Gipsy Hill it might add weight to the fish basket.

This is not the place to discuss seriously the unemployment problem. Mr. Sleet is apparently a missioner in the holy band that worship at the shrine of Success, whose John the Baptist is Saint Peter Keary, and his "Get On or Get Out" their one and only Testament. We can all become millionaires by believing in free will, and then, amply provided with bald heads, dyspepsia, and no consciences, we can dwell in the sweet seclusion of Norwood, re-invigorated by the perfume of the giddy kipper and the all too-succulent bloater, thanking God we are not as other men.

To avoid that *contretemps*, I rather think "John Smith" did well to commit suicide. Had he been a "success" instead of a failure, he might have got into the habit of writing nonsense to the papers about a subject of which it is only too painfully evident some critics are most amazingly misinformed.

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The Proprietors of "Woman's Life" wish it to be clearly understood that they make no profit out of this competition, which is merely intended to bring this readable family magazine before the notice of competitors, and to afford them an opportunity of testing "Caligro's" remarkable skill. They therefore make it a point of honour with each competitor to assist them in making the competition a success by asking three friends to compete.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Earl of Meath, P.C., K.P.

MY LORD,—You are as full of good intentions as a certain pavement. But that does not prevent you from illustrating the most poisonous fungus which afflicts public life. You have all the narrow bigotry of an Irish Protestant, all the fussiness of a pseudo-philanthropist, all the hidebound prejudices of a retired colonel of Militia, all the panting patriotism of a non-combatant. Your Young Men's Friendly Society, and your Lads' Drill Association, would breed a race of prigs and bores if they were widely developed. Your Christian Union for Social Service sounds silly. Your Hospital Saturday Fund is a nuisance. And you are (or were) President of that sweating institution, the Church Army. Do sit down and have a good laugh at yourself. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Marchant Williams, Stipendiary Magistrate, Merthyr, Wales.

SIR,—I am informed that at an Occasional Court recently, during your absence from the bench, the justices heard a case of "drunk and disorderly," and fined the culprit five shillings and costs. This seems to have huffed you. When next you took your place in court you were cock-a-whoop at once. *You* were not going to have fines varied, you said. *You* were not going to have them fixed at 10s. and costs when you were sitting and 5s. and costs when you were not. *You* had fixed a proper fine, the only proper fine, whatever the difference of the circumstances; at any rate this is the true inference to be drawn from your remarks. "If this kind of thing goes on," you prattled, "I won't have cases tried at all except on days when I am here." That is very high play, Sir Marchant, but you will permit me to say that I do not conceive it to be very good play. You are not the autocrat of law and justice even in Merthyr; not quite. If the justices choose to hold court in your absence, what is there in the terms of your appointment which legally entitles you to prevent them? And if, sitting with you, the majority decide that 5s. and costs, or even nothing and no costs, is suitable to the circumstances of an offence, how are you going to get your fixed rate put into force? It is illogical, it is absurd, and it is prejudging the offence to insist on the same punishment for differing degrees of guilt.

"There is nothing like certainty of punishment," you are reported as saying; "it is the only way to correct people." Let me tell you, Sir, on the contrary, that there is nothing like fitting the punishment to the offence. If a stereotyped fine is justifiable in all cases of drunkenness, why not a stereotyped punishment for every sort of crime or misdemeanour in the books of the Statutes? Except in cases of murder, the law has always allowed to judges wide limits of discretion.

That fine, and your strictures with respect to it, however, suggest that on the bench of justice at Merthyr there prevails a condition of things which cannot be otherwise than disconcerting to the townspeople. They suggest that when the justices are sitting with you they allow you to do as you please, and that only when they are sitting without you do they summon courage to do as they think right? Put yourself right with all speed; it is for him that thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Lord Blythswood.

MY LORD,—I observe that you announced at a breakfast of the Lord's Day Observance Society, amid loud applause, that you had worked for nearly fifty years and *such was your conscience* that you would never put a foot in a train on the Lord's Day. I venture to ask if that is a conscience to be proud of. Assuming that some great necessity called you, that a dear friend was dying or distressed and that you could make him happy by a Sunday journey, you would prefer to gratify your oily conscience rather than travel to his assistance. You also boasted that you never wrote a letter on Saturday night which might be delivered on Sunday. Will you kindly inform me whether you have ever read a daily paper on Monday? If you have, you are a wicked Sabbath-breaker. JOHN BULL.

To Muir Wilson, "Esquire," Attercliffe.

SIR,—You have scarcely improved matters by suing King-Farlow for assault. According to the reports, you behaved with great truculence in Court, calling Counsel a cad and scoundrel, flinging your hat at him, insulting the defendant's wife and generally comporting yourself like a lunatic. If you wanted to win your case, you should have been as mild as a sucking-dove. How could you expect a man to be fined for giving a rap to such an obvious bully as you showed yourself to be? Do please stand for Attercliffe again, and then, perhaps, we shall see some more fun. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Stuart Gordon Holland Shadwell Keen, Rector of North Stoke, Bath.

YOUR REVERENCE,—As the legal proceedings necessary to unfrock you will probably take some little time, I assume that the Bishop of the Diocese will at once suspend you from exercising the offices of the Church. The Christian altars and pulpits are not to be served by a clergyman who breaks the Seventh Commandment, drags his wife about by the hair, beats her and terrorises her, and robs an innocent, pure-minded girl of her honour and character in the house where by every relation of duty and every obligation of manhood he is bound to protect her from insult and harm. You, sir, are of the breed of the cad and the brute. After the wife you had ill-treated and dishonoured, and the governess you had befouled and ruined, had given pitiful evidence of their wrongs in the divorce case in which you were the respondent, you had not even the courage to face the ordeal of the witness box. Your own counsel was unable to offer to the court a single word of excuse or extenuation on your behalf, and in the end a decree *nisi* freed your wife of a faithless husband and, as a result, the Church of a faithless minister—a whited sepulchre appearing "outwardly as righteous unto men, but within full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Take off your cassock, man, put away your stole and girdle, and hide your face, for it shames the Church, as it has shamed the home. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Silas Hocking, National Liberal Club, London.

DEAR SIR,—You occupy a certain public prominence as a novelist and a minister, otherwise I should have passed over your remarks at a recent meeting as the claptrap of a nonentity. "If we were to disband our army and navy, and stand defenceless before the whole world," you told your audience, "I do not think there is any nation in the world that would attack us. If there is to be another Calvary on which a nation is to be crucified for the sake of peace and humanity, would to heaven that it were the English nation. I should be prepared to sacrifice England for the sake of the redemption of the human race."

You cannot expect the majority of your countrymen who are still outside the lunatic asylums to receive this platform absurdity without derision. Never yet did a people hold inviolable their national inheritance by being unable to protect it. A strong nation trusts itself, believes in its destiny, protects its own; it gives to all other nations credit for good intentions in their relations with it; but if their good intentions should fail, if their professions of amity should turn out to lack even the substance of a vision or a dream, if the hands held out across the seas to-day in friendship to-morrow flash the sword, it is not taken unawares. It is strong because it is prepared; it is guarded against surprise because it is ever ready. Show me a defenceless nation, and I will show you one as powerless for humanity as it is for peace. I would rather that any other nation sought or suffered its Calvary than Britain, for Britain secure within its borders by invincible defences shines as the star of humanity and peace in the firmament of the nations. Humanity is its mission, as peace is its striving and its hope. Britain defenceless would assuredly be Britain conquered, Britain powerless, Britain broken; and in such case it would be a calamity to humanity without recorded parallel in the history of the world. Leave politics alone. JOHN BULL.

Queen of Spain.

Congratulations on news that your Majesty has decided to compete with Queen of Holland in the Imperial Nursery Stakes. BULL.

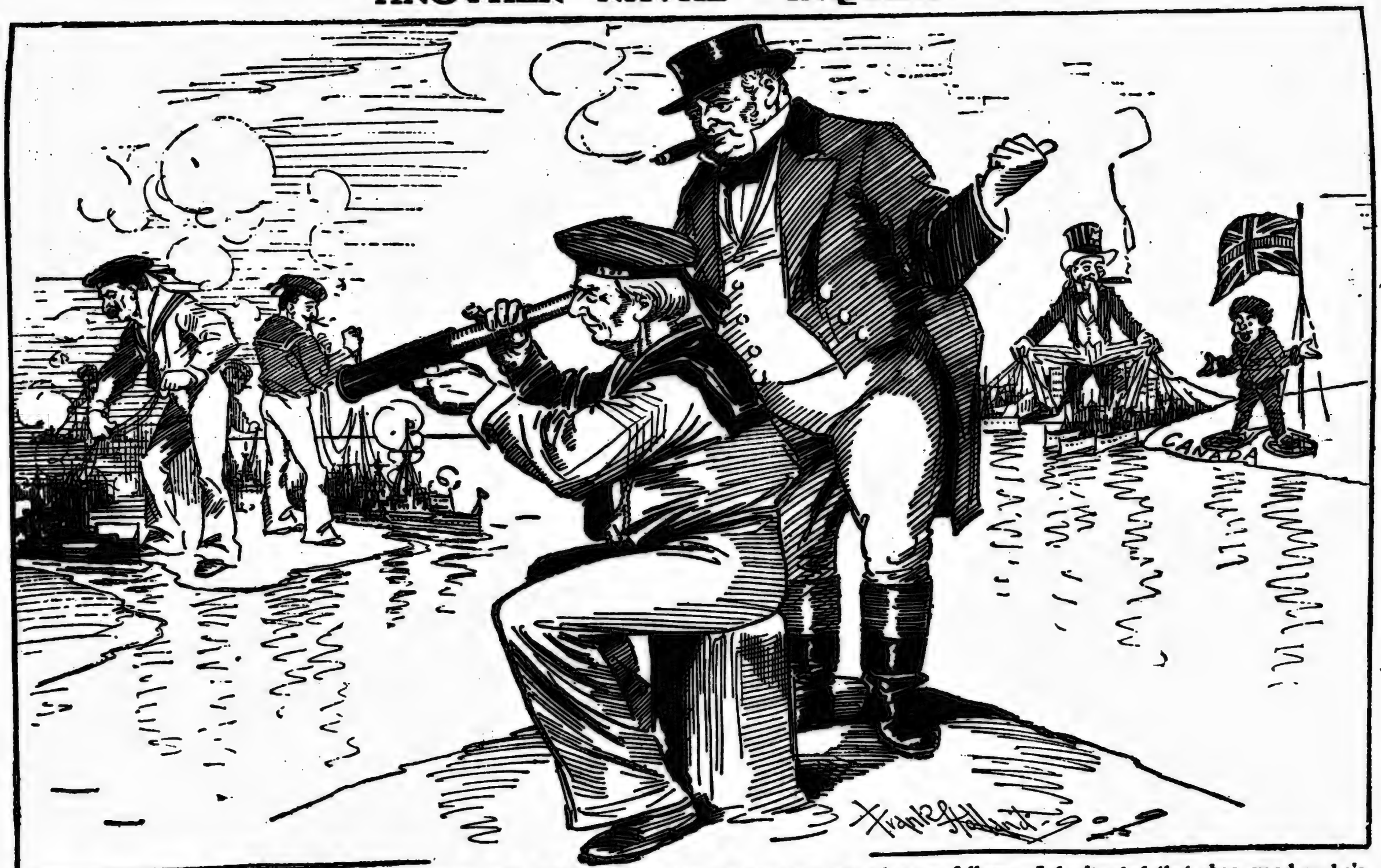
General Stoessel, St. Petersburg.

Recall that on your ten years' sentence for surrender Port Arthur, I recommended Czar to release you in due course. Released accordingly. In next Russian war recommend you never to surrender—and never to brag. BULL.

President Institution Mining Engineers, London.

Decline to worry about your statement that world's supply of coal will be exhausted in 700 years. So will you, and I, and all of us. BULL

ANOTHER NAVAL "INQUIRY."



COASTGUARD ASQUITH: "I'm just reckoning how many ships we want to beat any two of those fellows. I don't mind that chap yonder—he's too far away."

CANADA (overhearing): "Well, who's going to look after *me*, then?"

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of JOHN BULL *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

A REJOINDER TO OUR CRITICS.

A correspondent in the North takes us to task for our recent article, in which we criticised the past and present administration of the Post Office Savings Bank.

He says, "As regards your criticism of the insolvent Post Office Savings Bank, as you term it, on page 514, it is passing strange to find that on page 515, exactly opposite, you actually advise an enquirer to keep his £30 in the Savings Bank—an insolvent institution. How logical!"

Well, if it is any satisfaction to our correspondent, we are quite prepared to admit that our action was illogical, but we would remind him that logic is a good servant but a bad master, and that, in the practical affairs of life, business men are concerned to find the suitable and expedient course of action, rather than the logical one.

The assets of the Post Office Savings Bank at the present time are not sufficient to meet its liabilities, and we therefore adhere to our statement that—but for the guarantee of the State—it is insolvent.

Our object, however, is reform, not disaster, and we are therefore quite prepared to justify our action in advising depositors to keep their money where it is. Under present conditions, a really serious run on the Post Office Savings Bank would be a national calamity.

Our correspondent asks if we seriously mean that the State cannot safely and readily earn sufficient to pay 2½ per cent. to its depositors, and leave an ample margin for expenses. And he pays us the compliment of saying that he is sure *we* could do it.

Of course it is easy to earn more than 2½ per cent. with safety, were safety the only essential, but our correspondent quite misses the vital point that, in the case of the Post Office Savings Bank, the deposits must not only be safe, but must be available on demand.

At the present moment the current rate for call money in the City of London is about one-half to three-quarters per cent. per annum. Bankers and capitalists would be only too glad to get more for their funds, but the laws of supply and demand are inexorable. It is only a State Bank that can go on paying a fixed rate of interest, irrespective of what it earns.

In conclusion we would merely say that we have never attempted to dispute that the Post Office Savings Bank has been of great benefit to the nation. Our objections are to its management—or rather mismanagement—which has reduced it to a position of practical insolvency.

THE TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

We have received the following letter from a reader who has a considerable interest in this Company and we endorse all its statements:—

> A recent issue of JOHN BULL contained a reply under Insurance Enquiries, to "Accident, Birmingham," referring to the above company, and you have in previous issues made frequent reference to it, in terms which, I fear, do not indicate confidence in the concern, and I am afraid your impression is about right. Some few months ago the concern got discreditably mixed up with the "Islands Insurance" gang, headed by J. M. Burrows, and you noted it.
>
> I am unfortunately the holder of 75 fully-paid £1 shares, bought and paid for, and my wife holds 300 £1 shares, with 10s. paid so you will at once see which way my interest lays. Recently, a call of 10s. per share has been made by the Directors on the latter shares. No explanation was given for the call, and my wife wrote the Secretary to ask why. In reply she received a most curt, not to say rude, letter, which in substance said:—"The Directors had certain powers, and they had exercised them." Such a call is unprecedented in the history of successful insurance companies.
>
> The Chairman is Sir Henry Seton-Karr, who as a company director has been a great failure, as you probably know. The Vice-Chairman is a Mr. C. E. Best, a young and, in my opinion, inexperienced solicitor, who is also solicitor to the company, to which I have on many occasions taken strong exception. That I was justified is proved by the fact that a few weeks ago a client of his, Dr. Clarke, obtained judgment for £1,000 and costs against Mr. Best and his firm for negligence.
>
> The other Directors are equally incompetent; the only sound business man (Mr. E. Pullan, of Barclay's Brewery) was jockeyed out three years ago. A year ago the Directors changed auditors. Why?
>
> With less than 20,000 shares issued (a large number being Promoters' Shares) the company has opened up English and Continental branches. I have correspondence in my possession showing that two years ago the branch managers petitioned the Directors to change the management, then in the hands *pro tem.* of the present secretary. The name of the company has been twice changed, and the auditors also twice. The policy seems to be to dispute every possible claim, and a general enquiry would, I am sure, bring numberless cases of dispute and litigation, in which the company is up to its neck.
>
> As the company issues a pure endowment policy, and is working a special scheme for soldiers, any failure would hit the poorer classes. For these, and many other reasons, I strongly favour investigation.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO. AND ITS CUSTOMERS.

Mr. H. M. Oliver, proprietor of the New Inn Hotel, Lechlade-on-Thames, Glos., sends us a copy of a letter he has written to Messrs. Shirtliff and Co., intimating his readiness to act upon our suggestion and to join others in testing the position of the Cash Register Company in the Courts. Mr. Oliver's letter puts the position so clearly that our readers interested in the matter will thank us for publishing the following extract from it. Referring to the cutting prices Mr. Oliver writes:—

> This has been "sprung" upon us in an unpardonable manner, and, as a great injustice, ranks with the proposed Licensing Bill and Budget. For many years, in fact ever since I have been in the trade, over 20 years, when changing houses the Cash Register has always been an acknowledged asset and taken over at valuation by the incoming tenant at practically cost price, less a reasonable sum for depreciation. Less than two years ago I disposed of a business, and I know the transfer price to have been arrived at and transacted as I have stated. When taking to this hotel, about 18 months ago, they did not possess a Cash Register till, and about the middle of last year I decided to purchase one, and as recently as November last completed the purchase, £47 5s., and after having signed the contract was informed this particular Register was going to be increased in value £5 5s. on and after June 1st. Instead of which they must have known at that time that the intention was to reduce them; consequently nothing more nor less than a bare-faced swindle. I know of many people in Gloucestershire and immediate neighbourhood who purchased about this time who will support you.

WHITWORTH COUTS AND CO.

We warn our readers, or such of them as are simple enough to send their money to outside brokers for Stock Exchange speculation, to have nothing to do with Whitworth Couts and Co., of 18, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C., who seem to be very impudent rogues. We have had a visit from a gentleman who has had various transactions with these people, and who has about £150 to his credit as the result of transactions between him and them. Upon requesting payment they have refused, and informed him that the business is about to be transferred to a Joint Stock Company which will not take over their liabilities. They also told him that if he sued them he would get nothing, since they would plead the Gaming Act. Truly, very impudent rascals.

JOHNSON'S, LTD.

Have any of our readers acquaintance with the land and buildings owned by Johnson's, Ltd., at Twyford Abbey, near Willesden, N.W., a company which has just asked the public to subscribe £25,000 of a registered capital of £50,000 for the purpose of mushroom-growing?

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

OSSIN RIVER GOLD ESTATES.—R. R. (Wandsworth).—Sell.

THE SOUTH-WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY, LIMITED.—H. W. (Woolwich).—We should not advise you to accept the appointment.

MCPHERSON, BRADY AND COMPANY.—A. W. G. (Malvern Link).—We agree that, as a regular reader of JOHN BULL, you should not have been so foolish. As it is, your money is gone, and we advise you to write it off as a bad debt. Do not have anything more to do with touting brokers. We return your papers.

PREMIUM BONDS.—G. E. M. (Birmingham).—We will look into the matter, and answer your letter next week.

GOLF BALLS, LIMITED.—S. N. E.—We have no information.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, LIMITED.—C. C.—We are unable to do so.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—J. B. (Herne Hill).—We are a little surprised that a business man should ask us whether he would be wise in sending money to these people for Stock Exchange gambling.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—G. W. K. (Brighton).—The firm you name charge from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. above the market rate.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—H. T. (Seacombe).—We can add nothing to the information sent to you by the Official Receiver. We return your papers.

FARROW'S BANK.—R. B. S. (Birmingham).—We think you may do so without risk. We are obliged by your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

BRITISH COALITE, LIMITED.—E. L. (Rochester).—If you have the opportunity, we should sell. The company was brought out with a great flourish of trumpets, but we have always looked upon it as an extremely speculative proposition.

PLYMOUTH BREWERIES.—R. S. L. (Torquay).—We should not sell just at present.

BAKU RUSSIAN PETROLEUM COMPANY.—P. M. K.—The company has valuable properties, and we are disposed to think your friend would do well to fall in with the suggestion of the secretary, but she must bear in mind that it is by no means certain that the additional subscription would not go the way of the other.

PROVIDENT PERMANENT MONEY SOCIETY, LIMITED.—C. L. (Cardiff).—It is young days as yet with this company, which was only incorporated in October last, but it seems to be moving ahead upon right lines.

AUSTRALIAN SHARES.—SUBSCRIBER (Littleborough).—We do not think that much is to be got from buying the shares you mention.

MASHONALAND AGENCY SHARES.—T. S. F. (Wood Green).—We do not think so.

INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LIMITED.—B. (Edinburgh).—We have never heard anything against it. A. E. M. B. (Birmingham).—It is an old established concern, but, as to the wisdom of putting your capital into securities they recommend, we could give you no opinion without knowing what the securities are.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORE COMPANY, LIMITED.—M. M. S. (Bridgwater).—We had great hopes of this company when it was brought out, and we are sure that the directors have done all that it was possible to do to put it upon a dividend-paying basis, but the difficulties in the way have been unexpectedly great, and the outlook is very cloudy. But as to the invitation to you from Messrs. George Beverley and Company to join in what they describe as a "Members' Redress Movement," we do not see how anything that this firm can do is likely to mend matters.

TWO SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Birmingham).—We should hold both. Kynochs' are likely to go better again, and, as to the Gas Light and Coke, although we have often to condemn its methods, it is a highly prosperous company.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—CARLO (Cardiff).—If you have the bond in your possession, its value is not affected by the liquidation of the company.

LEGALITY OF CONTRACT.—THEATRE (Middleton).—We do not know if there is anything in the Companies Act to prevent the appointment of six directors to a joint stock company, each of them for life, but it would certainly be unique, and, if you take our advice, you will not put any money into the concern.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. P. (Nottingham).—If you like to send us the correspondence, we will go through it. H. U. K. (Southsea).—Ditto. G. A. (Glasgow).—The promises of Gerson, Hamson and Co. are as ridiculous as the rest. T. M. (Romford).—Your Stock Exchange friend gives you excellent advice, which is more than can be said of all Stock Exchange gentlemen. SLIEVEBLOOM.—It is better to deal with members of the Stock Exchange, because, although many outside brokers are very honourable men, there are a good many rogues amongst them, and there is no sort of guarantee of respectability and honesty, as there is with a man who is a member of the Stock Exchange, of which he cannot remain a member if dishonourable conduct is brought home to him. Some shares of the kind you mention to us are quite unsuitable for a person in your position. We strongly advise you to avoid speculative purchases. BONDS (Halifax).—You would be very foolish indeed to take your money from where it is safe in a bank, in order to hand it over to people from whom you would never get a penny back. T. H. (Clapham).—We never recommend Stock Exchange gambling.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—SHANDON BELLS (Cork).—You should join together in Ireland and join English debtors in resisting claims. E. W. (Wakefield).—We note that when you bought your machines for 55 guineas you were told by the company that, if at the end of 20 years you wished it, they would give you 80 per cent. of your purchase money. J. S. P. (Stepney).—We thank you for the form of agreement, and note what you say respecting it. P. M. (Highbury).—See previous answers. C. J. B. (Chiswick).—We take note of the statements of your letter. N. H. (Glasgow).—Our remarks in our last issue cover the ground taken in your letter. We confirm that advice. CONSTANT READER (West Bromwich).—You will have seen what we said last week. JOHN BULL (Stanningley).—You should have asked the agents of the company in what respect JOHN BULL is wrong. We have given our opinion fully on the question you ask as to rebate elsewhere. No doubt the competition of the Saxe Register Company has had something to do with the cutting. S. J. (Newport).—Our advice to you as to others is not to pay the balance remaining. J. M. W. (West Ealing).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us. AN ABERDEEN FIRM OF SOLICITORS, writing to us upon the affairs of this company, refer to a client who purchased two machines, for which he paid £227 in cash. These machines, sold to their client on the plain understanding that the price would not be lowered, can be bought to-day for a third of the money.

NAMAQUA COPPER SHARES.—J. H. (Tunbridge Wells).—We should prefer another selection.

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—F. W. L. (South Woodford).—The answer is in the negative.

THE NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND AND BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. E. B. (Dawlish Hill).—We have no doubt they will treat you well.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—T. L. (Tylorstown).—These people have disappeared.

THE CROWN GAS AND OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.—S. W. T. (Sohan).—We cannot advise you to invest in the shares of this company.

THE STANDARD REDUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—TIGERITE (Hull).—No, we do not think the shares of this concern worth par.

NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.—S. L. N. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We cannot believe that the company's regulations are framed "with the object of compelling resignation." We do not understand how the company can require its staff to do work outside office hours without remuneration, and should want more proof before assuming that they do; but we are in agreement with you that the Government should promptly let the staff know how they are likely to fare in the future, as the present uncertainty must be very disquieting.

PERPETUAL BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. H. (Chelsea).—Yes, we consider the Subscription shares of this society a sound and remunerative investment, and very suited to your purpose, as described.

BISHOP'S MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.—MEDICO (Leeds).—We have no information respecting this concern.

MARCONI WIRELESS SHARES.—F. E. A. (Bristol).—We should sell.

BRILLIANT EXTENDED GOLD MINING COMPANY.—FARROW (Swansea).—It is not a purchase we should recommend.

INSTITUTE W. SCHIMMELPFENG.—H. S (Maidstone).—We are obliged to you for the inquiry form from the Institute, but if a business of the kind worked by the Institute is to be done, such inquiries are necessary, and, assuming the legitimacy of the business, we do not see anything objectionable in the particular inquiry sent out by the Institute. It is for the persons to whom they are sent to answer, or not, as they think best.

SAFE BUILDING SOCIETY.—TOPSY (London).—Go to the Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, E.C.

IDA GOLD MINING COMPANY.—C. P. (Kilburn).—Not much.

WATERBURG LAND AND TIMBER COMPANY.—W. G. C. (South Ealing).—There are no dealings in them.

TWO COPPER COMPANIES.—E. E. M. (Woolwich).—They would be very speculative purchases.

SAXON STATE LOTTERY.—ANGLO-SAXON (Plaistow).—It is not a swindle, but we think that people in this country are ill-advised in having anything to do with these foreign lotteries.

FORMATION OF COMPANY.—JONAH (Manor Park).—There is no difficulty in forming a company with a capital of £500, if you are willing to pay the necessary expenses of formation. It would have to be done through a solicitor, but we do not think he would agree to do it upon the promise of payment of his fees when the company was formed.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—F. F. (Sheerness).—We note that you are willing to sell your shares for £2 each to anyone willing to take transfers. ATLAS (Wood Green).—We should sell if you can get anything like a reasonable offer.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—W. P. (Wylam-on-Tyne).—We are much of the opinion of those to whom you have spoken on the subject, but we understand that matters have been put on a somewhat better footing recently.

UNION ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—LOCAS (Bristol).—We should prefer another selection.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—J. C. (Belfast).—An excellent office.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. W. M. (Battersea).—We have gone through the correspondence, which we return under cover. We agree with Sir Wm. Bull that the matter in dispute is, from the money point of view, too small to trouble about. You will note, too, that the company specifically admits its liability upon your daughter's policy, and, in these circumstances, you can hardly expect it to return the premiums paid.

INSURANCE AGENCY.—F. J. (Cardiff).—We regret that we can be of no assistance to you in obtaining an agency.

NELSON'S TEA PENSION.—M. M. (Bradford).—The ten shillings pension paid to your mother must have been stopped years ago, nor is there the slightest likelihood of its being revived. The company is bankrupt.

FIRE INSURANCE WITH PROFITS.—With reference to our reply to "J. W. (Birmingham)" regarding this subject, we are reminded by the Legal Assurance Company, Limited, that it also issues fire insurance policies with profits. Policyholders in the Legal Assurance Company share in the profits what that has to do with "J. H. H.'s" complaint against the British Mutual. insurance is thus obtained without its disadvantages. The insured participate every five years that the profit-sharing policy remains in force in the profits in the particular class to which the policy belongs, but only if no claims under such a policy have been made during the previous five years. The directors have the sole right of determining the class to which the insurance belongs, the profits earned in each class, and the share of profits to be distributed.

CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—VEDI (Hither Green).—It is a difficult question to answer, but, on the whole, we should advise you to hold your 80 "B" shares in this company. It has uphill work before it, but, if you sold your shares now, you could only do so at great sacrifice.

THE SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—H. F. (Birmingham).—We think it is doing a good work. The other company to which you refer is one of standing.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. G. (Manchester).—We are glad to have your testimony as to the generous way in which this company treated you when you were ill, but we do not see what it is to do with "J. H. H.'s" complaint against the British Mutual. T. C. G. (Lewes).—The discrepancy is due to the fact that your friend's advice of his removal in January was dealt with by the home department, whereas the unpaid renewal receipt—being a French one—was dealt with by the foreign department. The company did not deem it necessary to serve an official notice on your friend that the policy was cancelled, but it was actually written off their books immediately the foreign department were aware that he had removed to England.

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—J. B. (Gourock).—We have nothing to say against it.

HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. A. C. (Leeds).—We should prefer another selection.

THE UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. G. T. (Maidstone).—It is a non-tariff fire office, doing nearly all kinds of insurance business except life. Its authorised capital is £300,000, subscribed £135,000, paid-up £35,000.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—R. R. (Regent Street).—We do not think you would get much more than the surrender value.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. S. (Enfield Wash).—We should prefer another selection.

FINE ART AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J.—It is a company of high standing and progressive—perhaps the best of the non-tariff offices.

VALUE OF POLICY.—R. R. (Regent Street).—You could hope to get very little, if anything, over the £21, the present surrender value.

INSURANCE BROKER.—H. T. W. (London).—There could be no objection so far as we know to your styling yourself an insurance broker. We thank you for the cutting you send us.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—J. D. (Birmingham).—There are many different schemes of house purchase, but one of the most favourable seems to be that of the British Enterprise Insurance Society, Limited, of 42, Ludgate Hill, E.C., by which you could purchase a house upon terms that would not require at the outset a larger annual payment than its rent, and later on the average payments would be less than the rent. P. H. M. (Clapham).—We know nothing against the people you name. We return your papers under cover.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—F. S. C. (Preston).—We have inquired into the matter of your complaint, and we find it was complicated by a clerical mistake by writing £17 17s. 11d. instead of £77 17s. 11d., which the company regrets. It seems that the policy was taken out in 1881 for £300, the premium being £10 4s. 6d., and it lapsed through non-payment of the premium due 30th December, 1893. Your father thus paid £123 14s., and, after its forfeiture, there stood at his credit the sum of £77 17s. 11d.; but, in terms of the company's usual practice, it gave him the option of converting that sum into a paid-up policy for £150. He did not take advantage of the option, and therefore the sum of £77 17s. 11d. remained at his credit, and has been at his call at any time. In a case like this it would have been to his advantage to have selected the paid-up policy, but selection lay with him, and the company could not force him to adopt any particular line of action. It is quite prepared to pay his legal representatives the £77 17s. 11d. on receiving the policy and title. A. F. (Kirkintilloch).—We are obliged to you for reminding us of the reduced premiums for endowments granted by the Scottish Widows' in their new prospectus published this year, and which puts the position more favourably for them in comparison with the Scottish Life. We appreciate your kindly reference to our insurance column. CURIOUS (Ilford).—The person who pays the £4 4s. 5d. rate would be in no better position than the one who pays the £3 19s. 8d. rate. Insurance companies are constantly improving the conditions upon which they invite assurance, and obviously earlier assurers are at some disadvantage in the matter of terms, but they have no more cause of grievance than the labourer who, as related in Holy Writ, grumbled because he had to bear the heat and burden of the day for the same wage as the more fortunate man who got off with an hour's work.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

AUTHORS, BEWARE!

We are not in the least surprised that the proprietors of the *Sunday Chronicle* are taking to the House of Lords the libel case which Mr. Artemus Jones, a barrister, commenced against them, which he won at the Manchester Assizes with a verdict of £1,750 and which, by decision of the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Justice Farwell, he has again won on appeal, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton dissenting.

The case is unique, and from the newspaper point of view at all events, almost ludicrous. Writing a sketch of the Dieppe motor races, the Paris correspondent of our contemporary said, among other things, "Whist! There is Artemus Jones with a woman who is not his wife. Really, is it not surprising how certain of our fellow countrymen behave when they come abroad? Who would suppose by his goings on that he was a churchwarden at Peckham?" The name was merely a fanciful invention of the writer. He had never heard of and never known anybody called Artemus Jones. What is more, the plaintiff, Mr. Artemus Jones, was not at Dieppe for the races, he is not married, he is not a churchwarden, and does not live at Peckham. Surely in such case a verdict of £1,750 as damages for libel, or even any damages at all, is not only absurd but outrageous. For if this decision of the Court of Appeal stands, it will be dangerous for any journalist, novelist, or playwright to give a name to any one of his characters unless he calls them Asterisk, or Dot, or Dash, adding a number for purposes of differentiation. And even so, if there be a Miss Asterisk, or a Mrs. Dot, or a Mr. Dash extant in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, an action will probably lie.

On this decision there is not in the whole range of English literature written since libel was libel a villain or villainess who has not exposed the author of their being to an action for libel if perchance anybody of the same name was alive at the time. The universe teems with John Smiths. If we mention some John Smith of our imagination, using the name as a type for special descriptive purposes, are we to be at the risk of having to pay £1,750 damages to every John Smith who can bring persons into court to say that they believed him to be the John Smith aimed at, and that our references were damaging to his character, his reputation, and his present and future prospects? The Artemus Joneses of the world are probably a rare variety of a vast species. But consider what might have happened according to this decision if the writer in the *Sunday Chronicle* had happened to use the name John Jones. About five hundred thousand John Joneses would have had the same right of action as any one John Jones, and, on the hypothesis, each would have been entitled to £1,750 damages. But perhaps this is a *reductio ad absurdum*. The unfortunate point in this particular case, however, seems to be that there was a Mr. Artemus Jones who was a frequent visitor to Dieppe, so that it would appear that in his desire to avoid possible identification of any particular member of the Jones family by adopting a fancy Christian name, the unfortunate journalist "put his foot in it." After all, it would have been safer to have stuck to John.

A LORD JUSTICE "AT SEA."

Lord Justice Farwell is a very able lawyer, but like the rest of us is apt to talk nonsense when dogmatising upon matters with which he has little acquaintance. For example, in the course of his judgment in the case of *Jones v. Hulton*, he observed: "Libellous statements are published in newspapers because they find it pays."

That is a delusion still current among people who are not newspaper proprietors. At one time of day it was shared by newspaper men. Tradition has it that in the early days of *Truth* Mr. Labouchere rather welcomed than avoided a writ for libel. But if that be true, he long since found that a newspaper has little to gain and much to lose from libel actions. Our friends of the *Daily Mail* have had that truth well soaped and rubbed in of late. Even when the newspaper is absolutely in the right, and judge and jury think so, it may be mulcted in heavy costs, for oftener than not the plaintiff is a man of straw, and the taxed costs are never those of solicitor and client. A farthing damages, which means that the jury think the defendant was in the right, but the judge rules that there was some technical, trivial, misstatement, may mean that the newspaper has to pay its own costs, which in one libel case within our knowledge, where there was a farthing damages, meant a solicitor's bill for within a few pounds of £6,000. It was a case of great public interest, lasted 17 days, and did not add a copy to the circulation of the paper. We do not mean to say that a reputation for frankness, consequent upon encounters with rogues of various descriptions, is not a valuable asset, but that the gain is not worth the risk of heavy damages—and one can never be absolutely certain of the result when judge and jury have to be reckoned with—not to speak of the worry and trouble, and so strong is the belief of the controllers of the daily press that libels do not "pay" that they are almost morbidly anxious to exclude from their columns anything approaching libellous statement, however important it may be to make that statement in the public interest. "The play won't pay the candles."

THE STODDART CASE.

We wonder how many innocent men are working out terms of imprisonment in our gaols? The question is one that must often be put nowadays by those who follow the decisions of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Time and again that Court has indicated by its judgments its conviction that men who have appealed to it have been wrongfully convicted. Last week, for example, it was engaged for three days in listening to an appeal of Joseph Stoddart against his conviction at the Old Bailey on an indictment for conspiracy, and for false pretences. The issue was thought so important that five judges sat to hear the appeal, the Lord Chief Justice presiding. The result was a unanimous opinion on the part of the Court that there had been substantial misdirection. The Recorder had directed the jury that the *onus* of proof had been shifted from the prosecution to the defendant, and so anxious was he that the jury should be impressed with this direction that he repeated and emphasised it. The Court of Criminal Appeal had no difficulty in ruling that it was a wrong direction, that the *onus* of proof had not been shifted, that it remained with the prosecution. And so the conviction was quashed. But for the Court of Criminal Appeal, Stoddart would now be working out a term of imprisonment, as many an innocent man is doing, and as Beck, sentenced by the same judge, did. The Beck case did much to bring about the creation of a Court of Appeal; the Stoddart case, among many others, has demonstrated the crying need for it.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Payment of Rent.—H. B. C.—The landlord cannot distrain until he demands the rent, and that imposes on him the obligation to call or request payment in a particular manner. If he does the latter, the expense must be borne by him.

Will.—Validity (Preston).—A will that has not been attested is invalid, as the Wills Act (1 Vict. c. 26) requires the signature of the testator to be written or acknowledged in the presence of two or more witnesses.

Trespass by Football Players.—In Trouble.—We do not advise you to shoot the football that comes on your land from the adjoining ground, as you would be liable for the damage. Your proper course is to bring an action for an injunction and for damages in the County Court.

Partnership.—W. J. F. (Birmingham).—There is no reason why you should not yourself draw up the agreement if you can embody all the terms, but it would be better to get a solicitor to do it properly for you for about two guineas. Unless your agreement is a complicated one, you really need nothing formal.

Father's Debt.—Somercoates.—A son cannot be held liable for the debts of his father if the latter left no property, and the creditor cannot recover the articles to which the debt related.

PEARKS' LIMITED.

The Chairman of Pearks' Limited, Mr. W. H. Lensh, at the annual meeting at Winchester House, on May 28th, said in the course of his remarks that during the past year competition reached a point that would have been ludicrous had not it been so mischievous. It hardly deserved to be called "competition" when traders, in a frantic effort to make big returns, deliberately sell a line of every-day requirements at 30 per cent. below cost price, on the chance of inducing customers to buy another article on which they may make up their loss.

To prevent our customers being temporarily enticed away we had to meet that competition by adopting the same tactics, with the result that some hundreds of tons of sugar were sold below cost, and we handled thousands of tons of sugar without reaping a profit on that commodity; the only consolation we had was that we held our trade together.

As regards tea, we have not been disturbed by the stupendous advertising of cheap teas for which the past year has been so very conspicuous.

Turning to our figures we find our gross profit is £78,052 2s. 11d.

After paying dividends already declared we have a balance of £10,231 5s. 11d., which we propose carrying forward for next year.

I hope next year to have a much more favourable increase in our trade and in our profit.

The report was seconded by Mr. A. Hoskins and carried unanimously.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£205,860, PAID TO CLIENTS ■ RESERVE FUND £30,000.

JOHN BULL (Feb. 20) says: "If you win you will be paid." This is only one of 195 favourable press notices. No newspaper which has verified our statements as JOHN BULL did has ever criticised adversely our methods or system.

In JOHN BULL (May 22) we published the separate cheques amounting to £4,047 made by one client starting with £6.

In JOHN BULL (May 29) we published the separate cheques of five clients who made £2,996.

In JOHN BULL (to-day's issue) we publish the corroborative testimony of four clients, who, between them, have had

68 DEALS WITHOUT A LOSS.

THIRTY DEALS WITHOUT A LOSS.

Dear Sirs,

I have dealt with Outside Brokers in London and the provinces for about a year, and acting on their advice have lost about £1,000.

I have pleasure in stating that, since getting into touch with your firm, I have had about **THIRTY DEALS** on your advice, all of which have been closed at a considerable profit to myself, **without a single exception**; and through your accurate predictions and kind attention I have succeeded in recouping a large proportion of my losses in a few months.

Yours faithfully,
G. H. G.

TWELVE DEALS WITHOUT A LOSS.

Dear Sirs,

Your letter received, and in answer I wired, "Put £12 on Unions, £12 on Canadas and remit the balance please."

I thank you most sincerely for your straightforward and honourable dealing with me, and hope to have many successful deals with your Firm.

I think you can rely upon a few more clients from this part of the world.

Yours faithfully,
J. J. E.

THIRTEEN DEALS WITHOUT A LOSS.

Dear Sirs,

On going through my accounts for the past few weeks, I find that I have taken from you over £200 without one loss, as the following Cheques will testify. At various dates I have received from you £16—£7—£7 10s.—£5—£20—£65—£27 10s.—£12—£12—£3—£6—£6—£16.

I give the cheques in the order in which I received them from you, and should you desire to publish this letter, and any of your clients doubt the accuracy of my statement, I shall only be too pleased to confirm this information. Besides this, I have no doubt that you have yourselves kept the cancelled cheques for the purpose of identification.

Faithfully yours,
F. G.

THIRTEEN DEALS WITHOUT A LOSS.

Dear Sirs,

Thanks for cheque to hand this afternoon. This makes the **13th consecutive deal you have closed for me at a profit, in just over two months.** I must thank you for the unfailing courtesy and prompt attention to my instructions.

Yours truly,
R. J. N.

ALL TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT THESE OFFICES.

Telephone—712 London Wall. **SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.** Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

The National Share Exchange

Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

J B. 286.

Please forward me full particulars of your system together with a list of 6,500 Cheques paid to your clients who have made over £200,000 between them.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)
ADDRESS IN FULL.....
.....

LARGEST FIRM OF STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS IN THE KINGDOM

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Daiile.

THE INFLUENCE OF 10, DOWNING STREET ON INTERNATIONAL AMITY.

Everybody knows 10, Downing Street. Some know it by reputation; some know it by the policeman who keeps his weather eye on it from the opposite side of the street; and others know it because the suffragettes are always yearning to sit on the doorstep. All things considered, it is about the most important house in the British Empire, not excepting Buckingham Palace and the House of Lords. It may be admitted that it is not much to look at, as houses go. But for circumstances over which few of us have any control, it might be anybody's happy home; so that it supplies another illustration of the fact that you can no more judge a house by its footscraper than you can judge a gentleman by his hat.

It is a house which has made history as much as it is one which history has made. Since the days of Sir Robert Walpole it has been the official residence of all Britain's Prime Ministers, whether they liked it or not; and many of them didn't. For instance, when Lord Rosebery used to be specially wanted at 10, Downing Street, the nearest place to find him was the Durdans, Epsom. Lord Salisbury would not look at it; but then his lordship was always discriminating.

There Prime Ministers have made war, and made peace; made Empire, made policies, made reforms, made muddles, made much ado about nothing; have even given themselves and everybody else about them what the vulgar do call "the sack." This is its glory, and its glamour bewitches the imagination of every strenuous young politician who is able to roll his tongue. Yet a strange thing has happened therein—a thing so strange that the Grand Old Man, who popped in and out with stately reverence for long years, would have had a fit at the bare thought of it. For a few days ago, 10, Downing Street was turned into a showroom to display the superb creations of a Parisian costumier. For all I know a Parisian dressmaker may exercise a more potent influence on the British Empire than a Prime Minister. But what puzzles me and the rest of the crowd is how the deuce Monsieur Poiret got there.

Yet I am not inquisitive; I sigh only that it is not given to me to disclose to a troubled public a few footnotes in aid of a premature biographer. Nor, unlike some of my friends in the press, do I barb my adjectives for a lady's ear. Nor would I, were I in the House of Commons (which heaven forfend till the Exchequer commences to pay out salaries for smoking and talking therein), question Mr. Asquith as to the reason for this bold departure from the historic precedents. For a lady's home is her home, whether it be 10, Downing Street or the Old Kent Road; and I take leave to say that, in my opinion, she is as much at liberty to turn her drawing-room into a show for the superb creations of M. Poiret in the one place, as for the superb creations of Moses Solomon, of Petticoat Lane, in the other. Do not let us become hysterical.

It is quite obvious to me that this is an international arrangement. It is to become a classic example of international reciprocity, I am convinced of that. Monsieur Poiret has been permitted to open branch premises for the sale of dreams in dress at 10, Downing Street, in order to secure a *quid pro quo* on the other side of the Channel. How indeed could it be otherwise, knowing, as we all do, that there are firms in America who would have given a million, in dollars, to run a concern of that kind in the same sacred edifice. In a few weeks or a few months the whole national sentiment of England will be comforted by the news that the Prime Minister of England has arranged with President Fallières (Vive Fallières!) to arrange with Monsieur Clemenceau (Vive Clemenceau!), Prime Minister of France, for Messrs. Peter Robinson, or Messrs. Swan and Edgar, to exhibit a choice selection of their goods at his official residence. This accomplished, it is hoped that from time to time there will be alternate exhibitions of art and manufactures in each other's house. One week Mr. Asquith will reserve rooms for French boots, or furniture, or suits of clothes, or cravats; the next, the official residence of Monsieur Clemenceau will be turned into a showroom for the exhibition of British pastry, joints of beef, prize rabbits, shop eggs, beer, stout, and whisky. And so it will go on, turn and turn about, until each country is thoroughly acquainted with the products of the other. I have always attached the greatest importance to the *Entente Cordiale*, and any measure, proceeding, or effort which tends to foster love and concord between England and France may assure itself, in advance, of my distinguished approbation.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS

Castleby.

("*Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton.*")

Castleby (primus) is in the "Guards," one of the gilded best;
Passed by birth o'er the strict taboo which separates London, "West";
Favoured by all the titled fair, breeded, and spick-and-span,
Castleby is an officer, which signifies "gentleman."

Castleby comes of a noble line—question of blood and bones—
Something he gained from a college-course; more from the college-stones;
Most of him rooted in fighting-stock, following Darwin's plan,—
Castleby (*père*) was an officer and pedigreed gentleman.

Castleby isn't in tune with Art—not that he feels his plight—
"Never were much in my line, you know; fellows who paint and write!
"Give you the lot for a Gaiety stall and a tasty figure to scan!"—
Castleby is an officer and thoroughbred gentleman.

Castleby's dashing and debonair, careless of love and life—
Ready to die for a chum, if need, and certainly for his wife;
"Stick to the woman!"—(the Army knows)—messrooms are quick to ban!—
Castleby is an officer and thoroughpaced gentleman.

Castleby baffles the "lawyer chaps"; grinning in cultured ease;
Raked and riddled with shot and shell by terribly keen K.C.'s
Lying—till even reporters blush—as only the Service can,
Castleby is an officer and also a gentleman.

Castleby goes into Israel, pledging his father's shoes.
Women and war are costly games which none can afford to lose.
Israel fattened on Women and War since War and Women began
(And loveth a dashing officer and generous gentleman).

* * * * * * * * *

Luring Venus! beckoning Mars! pity the gallant fool
Vowed to the idols he learnt to serve at college and public school—
So, when the scaling-parties form, 'tis Castleby leads the van,
To add his name to the family-fame, and—die like a gentleman.

Women! 'tis gallantry, heart and soul; a gentleman plays the game.
War! 'tis bravery, limb and life (an officer does the same).
And broken hearts are like broken limbs, they mend where the breaks began;
And lives and souls can be lost but once, and the rest is the Cosmic Plan
(The creed of a gallant officer and thoroughbred gentleman).

Mark Lane.

TRADE NOTE.

Records are being broken, and fresh ones created every day. In telegraphy, in motoring, in crossing the Atlantic, and in trading operations we hear of new "times" and fresh achievements. It is doubtful whether anything has proved such a record breaker as "Nugget" Polish since it was first introduced to the world. It has simply rushed by leaps and bounds into first place in public favour. Its merits were so obvious that this is not surprising. A medium for rendering footwear beautiful without needing any exertion must necessarily succeed, because footwear is one of the indispensable necessities of our daily lives. Every man and woman who cares for his or her appearance has a natural pride in looking "at the best" about the feet. "'Nugget" Polish is the gem of the polishes offered for this purpose. Once adopted, it is always used, for it is found that it gives a more brilliant shine than any other, that it is easier to use and of lasting benefit to leather, while it is so dainty that it can be used by lady or child.

A LONDON BUSINESS MAN'S WONDERFUL HAIR-GROWING PREPARATION.

NEW HAIR IN FOURTEEN DAYS.

He invites men and women tired with trying "this, that, and the other" thing to apply for complete

Large Trial Treatments

FREE.

A well-known London business man has a wonderful Hair-Growing Treatment which he claims will grow hair in fourteen days. He is willing to send supplies of his treatment, sufficient for a complete trial, to those who, as he puts it, are tired of trying this, that, and the other thing for their baldness, thinning or colouring falling hair. Certainly the evidence of letters and photographs which may be seen at Craven House, opposite the British Museum, London, is most extraordinarily satisfactory. Elderly and middle-aged as well as young ladies and gentlemen have been remarkably grateful for what the preparation has done. They have written lengthy letters, and some have sent photographic evidence of the highly satisfactory effect of the preparation.

THE EVIDENCE.

Main Ridge, Boston.

Dear Sir,—For some time my hair had been falling off. I tried several advertised preparations, but none of them had the desired effect. The use of your trial box produced a considerable improvement and I procured three large boxes. After using the second, my hair ceased falling off, and I now have a new growth. I gave the third box to a lady friend who has used it with great success. I waited before writing to see if it was a permanent cure, and I have much pleasure now in stating that it has been quite successful in both cases and I shall be pleased to recommend your true hair grower, as I am sure it is the best remedy for baldness and falling hair now on the market. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this unsolicited testimonial.—Faithfully yours,

ALFRED STAPLES.

Francis Street, Halifax.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to send you a testimonial for your splendid hair preparation. When I was 27 years of age, my hair began to fall out in patches until I was quite bald. I used all kinds of so-called hair restorers, with no result. Then I was recommended to you, and I tried your compound. I have now a good growth of hair. I enclose photo of myself when my hair is five inches long. I have recommended you to several of my friends, and will continue to do so.—Yours faithfully,

F. GOODALL.

Gosforth St., Felling-on-Tyne.

Dear Sir,—Some little time ago I bought a box of your Hair Grower, and I am pleased to inform you that it has worked wonders. I had little or no hair on the crown of my head, but thanks to your True Hair Grower it has grown two or three inches and my scalp is now covered with hair. I will recommend your preparation to everybody I know, and you can make use of this letter as you think fit, as it should be known to the mass of people requiring a true hair grower.

Yours faithfully,

R. G. STONEBANKS.

Stanley Road, Grays, Essex.

Dear Sir,—Your True Hair Grower has worked wonders for me. My hair has grown so fast and thick that I have as fine a head of hair as anyone could wish for, your remedy having met with complete success. I have recommended it to numerous friends, and shall always do so. You may use this letter as much as you like and I shall be only too pleased to do anything I can for you.—Yours truly,

E. H. BUSBY.

No part of the human structure starts growing again, nothing like so quickly, as the hair of the head (the discoverer remarked). If it were otherwise, I certainly could not say that my Hair Regenerator would, as it actually does, grow hair in 14 days.

I know (he said continuing) that most people will think my treatment too good to be true. I have selected haphazard a few testimonials which bear out my contention—I have hundreds of others.

I wish everyone suffering from Hair Troubles to obtain from me a complete Large Trial Hair-growing Treatment consisting of

FREE

1. One Large Trial Box of my True Hair Grower.
2. One Cake of Special Scalp Soap.
3. A Beautifully Illustrated Book of 96 Pages.

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, whether you are suffering from complete or partial baldness, or the hair has only recently manifested signs of falling, a few applications of my compound will quickly convince you of its intrinsic value.

I ask only that each of my correspondents shall send me **three penny stamps** to cover expenses other than the cost of the Treatment itself. I myself will pay for the latter.

I will make satisfactory arrangements to ensure the sending of each applicant's supply of my Hair Regenerating Treatment off the same day as the letter and stamps reach me. My address is—

JOHN CRAVEN BURLEIGH, 189, Craven House (Opposite British Museum) LONDON, W.C.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

OUR SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR'S REPORT UPON ITS METHODS.

Owing to the many enquiries received from readers regarding the International Correspondence Schools, we have thoroughly investigated that institution's methods.

We confess that we laboured under the very widespread misconception that the Schools profess to teach the man in the street such subjects as mechanical engineering by correspondence. No such claim has ever been made, in fact—to quote the apt phrase of one of the institution's circulars—its purpose is "to train men *for* their work *at* their work." In other words, it takes the man already manually engaged at a trade, and—by adding to his physical dexterity a sound technical education (comprised of such subjects as mathematics, drawing, elementary science—sound, light, heat, etc.) in all the principles underlying his work—qualifies him to fill a higher post.

This great institution, which has in this country 45 branches, besides many others in every great centre of the English-speaking world, employs 4,000 persons, and was founded in America nearly 20 years ago by an Englishman—Mr. T. J. Foster. During its existence it has taught 1,250,000 students, 160,000 now being on the roll. The paid-up capital of the various companies working Mr. Foster's system in this country and abroad reaches the stupendous total of £4,000,000 It is obvious that an organisation of this kind must rely for its success upon work actually accomplished, and cannot snatch a temporary gain by unfair or sharp methods. As a matter of fact, earnest students only are sought.

The corner-stone of the Schools is the special text-book which has been prepared for each course—not by an armchair professor, with merely a theoretical knowledge (deep though that may be) of his subject, but from information supplied by men actually working with their own hands at the various trades. The hard, cold facts thus obtained are, of course, put into literary shape, but conciseness is rigorously preserved, there being nothing in the way of "frillings." The books are models of clearness, both in language, type and illustration.

The courses number upwards of two hundred, including besides all branches of scientific and mechanical knowledge, book-keeping and business training, Civil Service, newspaper illustration—down to coastwise navigation! In the preparation of the text-book for one of these courses alone—mechanical engineering—no less than £15,000 was spent. This statement, exaggerated as it may appear at first sight, will readily be believed after an inspection of the ten large, handsome volumes into which the work is divided. With each course goes a set of instruction papers with examination questions attached. These answers are carefully corrected by a staff of some hundred tutors, located for the British branch of the Schools at the magnificent building in Kingsway, and returned to the student. If there is anything the student fails to understand, at this or any other stage, he fills in one of the printed enquiry forms with which he has been supplied, and the tutor writes him a special explanatory letter—or more than one if necessary.

Attached to the forty-five branch offices in this country is what is termed "the Field Staff"—an unique and singularly useful feature. Besides being, of course, entrusted with the enrolment of students, it is the duty of this body to personally see that the students start their course of instruction in the way which experience has shown to be the best. It is further the duty of the Field Staff to carefully watch the students' progress (for which purpose regular reports are received from the tutorial staff), and to help on such as are dilatory or backward. The scheme will thus be seen to have cleverly adopted the best points of oral instruction. These travelling representatives, in addition, call upon employers and point out to them the advantages of having trained men, urging upon them the claim to advancement of any student who has thus enhanced his value. What employers think of the Schools is shown by a large volume of testimonials from heads of shipbuilding and engineering works throughout the country.

The International Correspondence Schools may certainly claim to be carrying on a great educational campaign all over the world, quickening with ambition many a manual worker who had hitherto thought that a mechanic's job was the utmost to which he could look forward.

SANDORIDES'

Lucana

MIXTURE

THIS Tobacco of subtle charm—is the limit of luxury in Pipe smoking. It is made from pure and selected leaf, the thick stalk being carefully eliminated, thus giving a cool and healthy smoke.

It differs from all other Smoking Mixtures in this sense, that it continuously lives up to its splendid reputation.

It is in fact, *the* Tobacco you have been waiting for.

2 ozs. 1/4 4 ozs. 2/8

MILD, MEDIUM AND COARSE CUT.

Packed in patent vacuumised tins and sold by leading Tobacconists everywhere, or post free direct from

W. SANDORIDES & Co. Ltd.

5, OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON,
W.

Don't throw away

the suit which fits you so well and feels comfortable just because it is looking shabby. Send it to us to be dry cleaned and pressed. We can remove stains, revive the colour, and press the garments into good shape again without injury to the material. Our charge for a complete suit is only 3/9, and we clean Dust Coats, Breeches, Ties, Gloves, etc., at equally moderate prices. Write to-day for a copy of our new pamphlet "Clothes and the Man" and the address of nearest branch or agency; or send your order direct and we will pay carriage one way.

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City Branches at—
5, Queen Street, E.C. (Phone 9480 Central).
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THE "TRAVELLING DRAPER" AND THE POOR.

By A County Court Judge.

In a certain report some years ago the Travelling Drapers remarked that the County Court was made "for their benefit." It would almost seem that they were justified in this assertion. There are no statistics to show what the actual percentage of their cases in the County Court are, but 60 to 70 per cent. would probably be a very fair estimate. They call themselves "Credit Drapers." Of course, they have a society or association to protect their interests. In some places they are called Scotch Drapers, and it would be difficult to find anyone who knows their methods to defend them. Their method is to cadge from house to house in the quarters where the poorer and more helpless and ignorant weekly wage-earner lives during the day, when the men are away at their work, obtain orders from the women for clothes for themselves and their children by cajolery and promises of all sorts, particularly that they need only pay sixpence or a shilling a week, and they will call to collect it. They do call for a few weeks, then they don't call for many weeks; the foolish woman has not saved the six or seven shillings, of course; she is not a saving woman or she never would have gone to him, nor he to her. The case is immediately put in the County Court. The summons is against the man, of course. It is served at the house, the wife gets it, is afraid of her husband, puts it in the fire, never attends the Court; judgment goes by default. Then comes the pressure and threats: "If you don't pay I'll send your husband to prison." The wretched woman can't pay. Judgment is entered, not for the 6s.—the arrears—but for the full amount of the bill, say, for £4 or £5. Often, when the wife won't give an order, goods are left at the house with a promise to call again for them, or some other excuse. He never does call for some months; then he says: "Oh, you have used them, I can't take them back now," and forthwith sends in a bill, waits a short time, and then sues in the County Court. When the judgment has been obtained, the threats become louder and more vigorous, from prison to some of a grosser and more sinister character. If the husband is so foolish or unfortunate as to give an order for a suit of clothes to be made to order, this is what happens in most cases: the Travelling Draper takes his measure as though he was going to make the clothes, but forthwith gets them from the ready-made clothes dealer at a price which is more often 15s. than 21s.; the highest price he ever gives is probably 25s. to 26s. The Travelling Drapers charge to his foolish customer is £2 10s. to £3 3s. No doubt the cloth is shoddy, and probably the clothes were made at the wicked sweating prices we know about. As to the clothes, if he goes to the ready-made clothes dealer he pays from 21s. to 30s., but he gets what he pays for, a shoddy and "sweated" article; if he goes to the Travelling Draper, he most probably gets the same article at from £2 10s. to £3 3s. The Travelling Draper, moreover, sooner or later, puts him in the County Court, when he has all the costs to pay and the Court collects the debt. If he goes to prison because he can't pay, John Bull pays for his being kept there; 9,214 poor people went to prison in 1907, at a cost of, say, £1 each, and stayed the full time; 146,075 commitments were made on 373,100 judgment summonses which were issued.

When threats and bullying the woman fail to produce the money, then the wage-earner goes to prison, and John Bull kindly pays for his keep while he is there. True, there are fees, but they don't pay expenses.

The question is: Why should the County Court collect such debts at considerable expense to John Bull?

Why should John Bull pay for 9,214 such debtors in prison to make the fortunes of a few and to ruin many.

Executions levied on poor people's goods are even more cruel. There were 325,007 executions issued in 1907, the sufferers, of course, poor men and women. Fortunately there were only 3,613 actual sales—by the disinterested assistance of the small moneylender, no doubt. After the furniture has gone, when can such poor people ever hope to get a home together again? It is quite common to hear in Court that the Travelling Draper has been supplying a drunken wife with goods, blankets, sheets, etc., all of which she has pawned for drink. The Travelling Draper must know this, for he has supplied the same kind of goods over and over again. The working-man, of course, rarely appears in Court, for he would lose his day's work, perhaps his job also. A Committee of the House of Commons in 1873 passed the resolution following:—"That the numerous commitments to prison in default of payment of small debts entail an expense upon the taxpayers and ratepayers of the country which it is unjust and inexpedient they should continue to bear."

An Interesting Book on Health.

SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.

John Bull readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well worth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells the story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power—its vitality—and when your vitality is up to standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches, and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, the dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power; and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force-pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

We will enumerate some cases that have come under our observation. In these cases electricity was only used as a last-resort treatment.

Case No. 1 is that of a gentleman suffering from weak back and kidneys. Here is his report:—"I can honestly say that I have derived great benefit from your battery. I feel quite myself again. I am now able to go about my work with great pleasure. Previously I never felt as though I had sufficient rest, and my headaches were simply cruel. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends." The patient is Mr. E. J. Pullen, 47, Earl's Court Square, London, S.W.

Case No. 2 is that of a lady cured of Sciatica and general troubles. She writes:—"I feel your battery has been of great benefit to me as well as a cure for my Sciatica, for previous to using it I was obliged to walk with a stick, which I have now discarded. It has greatly benefitted my health generally. I thank you for your attention and courtesy." Mrs. A. J. Powell, 161, Colwick Road, Nottingham.

Case No. 3 is a remarkable cure of Rheumatism and Nervousness. The patient's own words best describe it:—"I am glad to inform you that the 'Ajax' Battery has made a wonderful change in me. Rheumatism, which was so bad, has left me; my nervousness has also disappeared. I feel twenty years younger, and I have gained four pounds in weight in five weeks." John Edwards, Sunny View, Penlan Road, Skewen, nr. Neath.

Case No. 4 is a cure of back weakness. The patient is Mr. D. McCulloch, 30, Thornwood Avenue, Partick, N.B. "I am quite sure the battery did me a lot of good, and quite cured my back, as I have not had a sore back since."

These are cures by the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. This is the newest electrical invention for curative purposes. It generates its own power, and can be regulated by the wearer to any degree desired. There is no bother of charging or preparing the battery. It is always ready, and can be used at a moment's notice.

This battery has been used by many medical men. Lady Manfield's physician prescribed it, and it cured her. It is endorsed by "Science Siftings," and supported by the "Certificate of Merit." The editor of "John Bull" endorses it and recommends it. The "Ajax" Battery was given the Diploma for Grand Prix with Gold Medal by the special medical section of the International Exhibition held last summer at the Crystal Palace.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.—[Advt.]

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Concerning Christening Robes.

The very simple robe in which that perfect pet, Princess Juliana of Holland, had been photographed by her royally-proud Mamma, reminds us that poor little Juliana is in the same sort of plight as the wealthy gentleman with indigestion, eating dry bread and a potato at a table crowded with luxuries. The baby must not be photographed in the regal robe presented by Amsterdam, or Rotterdam will drape itself in yellow for jealousy. It has to sleep in Wilhelmina's own old cot, for if it showed too great a partiality for the cradle given by The Hague, the Zuyder Zee folk would be up in arms to know what was amiss with *their* presentation cradle?

Perhaps the most interesting set of infant's garments that exists, is one that was never used. It is the layette made by good Queen Bess when she was only Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Bloody Mary, occupied the throne. We know now that poor Mary's expected baby was only the tumour that was ultimately to hasten her death, but clever, ambitious Elizabeth worked those garments in the full belief that they were to clothe an infant who would deprive her of her chance of the throne of England.

There is something pathetically interesting in a christening robe that is a heirloom in a family, and in which many children, destined to such differing joys and sorrows, have all made their first public appearance. But Mr. Barrie tells in his book about his mother, of the christening robe that she owned, that used to be borrowed by the entire village, so that it had—in its time—clothed hundreds of wee forms on this momentous occasion. And Mr. Barrie declares that it grew to "boss" christenings entirely; no matter the nervousness of the mother, no matter how bashful the father, or how like a "dolt" he might behave, that christening robe of long experience would pull them through.

Brown versus White Bread.

What a pity it seems, now that bread is really so alarmingly dear, that people who need to get full value for their money where nourishment is concerned, will not take to eating brown bread. No doubt the brown loaves that are sold by the ordinary baker are very far from perfection, but all the same they are certainly more healthful and sustaining than white ones. Yet, will poor folk give up the use of white bread? Not they! A baker who feels very strongly on this point tells me that when men obviously in abject poverty come into his shop to buy a halfpenny-worth of bread that is to form practically their entire dinner, he often tries to persuade them to spend the precious halfpenny on brown bread. But they merely look at him as if they know he is trying to palm them off with inferior goods, and go off with their conventional white hunk. Yet white bread is really a luxury for the rich—not the true staff of life for the poor. Not such a great time ago a loaf of white bread used to be a Christmas treat given by the wealthy to their poorer neighbours—a festive luxury such as a plum-pudding is nowadays. Oatmeal is terribly neglected, while the value of rice as a food is not properly realised, nor the valuable properties of lentils or beans. Here is a recipe for a soup, inexpensive, very nourishing, and not over-much trouble, the making of which ought to form part of the stock of knowledge of the wife of every labouring man:—

Potage a la Conde.

Wash and pick over a quart of red lentils, put them in a saucepan with half a pound of raw ham, a bunch of parsley tied up with a head of celery and two leeks. Spanish onion and celery seed can be substituted in case of need. Put three quarts of water, or half second-stock and water. Put over the fire and bring slowly to the boil. After boiling half an hour skim well, add a little salt and pepper and two ounces of butter. Simmer gently for three hours longer. Then take out the ham and the vegetables and rub the beans with a wooden presser through the wire-sieve. Return it to the pan—if too thick thin down with more water, taste to season sufficiently, boil up again. There is your soup!

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Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!
PENNA HEEL
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WRITE FOR FREE PAMPHLET TO
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"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

OUR WARNING OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED.

Our readers will remember that some months ago we directed attention to a case where, under the provisions of the Canadian Immigration Act, a man and his family were expelled from Canada under circumstances of great harshness. In commenting upon this case we directed attention to Section 3 of the Act which enables the Canadian Government to expel immigrants upon very flimsy pretexts. We observe in the Report of the Immigration Information Office recently issued as a White Paper that reference is made to this section of the Act and to proceedings under it. The report says, "a further symptom of a new attitude in Canada towards immigrants was the large increase in the number of families deported during the year under the terms of Section 33 of the Canadian Immigration Act of 1907. . . . The number of cases of deportation to this country increased from 339 in 1907 to 798 in 1908. The attention of the Committee was called to the subject in connection with deportation from Oshawa and Deseronto. They were led by the facts brought to their notice to make suggestions with a view to conveying the non-intention of the infliction of hardship in the application of the law."

It will be seen that this official document confirms what we said on the subject.

In connection with this question of immigration a correspondent from Los Angeles, California, is good enough to send us a copy of the *Los Angeles Daily Times* of March 17th last, from which we take the following interesting item:—

> Tom Richardson, who got his present position with the Portland Commercial Club as publicity manager upon the recommendation of Frank Wiggins of this city, has secured a big appointment at Winnipeg, Can., to take effect next December. It is stated that Mr. Richardson has made a contract with the Canadian Government to manage some phase of its publicity work for three years at a total compensation of $100,000.
>
> He was connected with the New Orleans commercial organisation when the Portland Commercial Club was in the field for a good man. Secretary Wiggins telegraphed to Richardson and had him meet the Oregonians here. He secured the position, largely through the energetic boost of Wiggins.

It will be noticed that according to this statement the Canadian Government have engaged a man named Richardson at a salary of £5,000 per annum for four years—which is more than twice as much as the salary paid to the Canadian Premier—to boom the country by Yankee methods.

A CURIOUS BOYCOTT.

The disarrangement in the tobacco trade, caused by Mr. Lloyd George's proposed extra duties, is apparently causing a similar disarrangement in the ideas of the great octopus trust, the Imperial Tobacco Company. The Chairman, Lord Winterstoke, interviewed recently by the *Standard*, is reported to have delivered himself of the following luminous sentence: "To my mind, the right way to meet the difficulty (of the increased tax) is *not* to offer the public packets of tobacco from which one pipe has been taken, *but* to make packets which can be sold at the old even money price, and which contain the old weight, less the amount necessary to pay the extra duty." The italics are our own. A pipeful, of course, just about represents the amount of the extra tax. Needless to say, it is immaterial whether the packet is opened by the shopkeeper and the pipeful then taken out, or whether the extraction is done in the factory before packing. In view of what is doubtless intended to be conveyed by Lord Winterstoke's oracular pronouncement, it is somewhat astonishing to learn that Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, who were the first to adopt the system of maintaining the old prices and reducing the weight in proportion to the increase in duty (*i.e.*, the 4½d. packet, formerly weighing an ounce, now being advertised and guaranteed as containing only ¾ of that quantity), have been boycotted by the Trust and all the retail establishments under its control—such as Salmon and Gluckstein, A. Baker and Co., and A. I. Jones—on the ground that the Trust disapproves of this policy, which, as will be seen, its chairman doubtless intends his language to be interpreted as recommending!

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TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

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CYCLES £3 13 6

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RELIABLE HIGH-GRADE CYCLES.

British Material and British Labour—the best of both.

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Includes Dunlop Co.'s Scott Tyres, Roller Lever Brakes, Hyde Free Wheel, Appleby Chain, etc.	Includes Dunlop High-Grade Tyres, Perry Free Wheel, Perry Chain, and Bowden Brakes.

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Call or write immediately for lists, post free.

Whiteley's, QUEEN'S ROAD, London, W.

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"OLD HEIDELBERG."

"Before all things, be human, Karl Heinz—no matter what they say or do, don't let them knock it out of you—be human, my boy."

These are the last words that dear old Dr. Jüttner, tutor to Karl Heinrich, Hereditary Prince of Sachsen-Karlsburg, speaks on earth to his beloved pupil, who, born of royal blood, is torn from the arms of the girl he idolises and forced into a marriage arranged for him to suit the requirements of his country and his people.

"Be human!" Alas! for poor Karl Heinz, he has no power to do as his heart wills; he is but a tool destined to exist and die for his State's sake, so voice, and laughter, and love are alike hushed as George Alexander kisses Käthie for the last time, leaves her "drunk with grief" in the pretty Rüder's Inn Garden at Old Heidelberg, and, donning his mask of calmness, coldness, and quiet deliberation, returns to rigid discipline and his regal apartments at Karlsburg, where the heavy doors shut out for ever all trace of joyous youth, impulsive imagination and those sweet touches of nature that "make the whole world kin."

What a pathetic story, what a wailing romance, what a tearful tragedy, and how beautifully acted by all concerned!

Eva Moore, at the very outset, when Rudolf Bleichmann's English version of Wilhelm Meyer-Forster's German play was first produced at St. James's Theatre, played the character of Käthie with a remarkable combination of tenderness, dramatic fervour, and gentle womanliness; but her performance now is even better than it was at the beginning, and certainly George Alexander has never done any work more admirably in all his varied stage career.

As for J. D. Beveridge's Dr. Jüttner—well, the tears well to my eyes at the mere memory of his charmingly acted old tutor; and Lyall Swete is once again consistently impudent as Lutz, the swaggering "gentleman's gentleman."

Long life, say I, to such sweetly sentimental and fanciful plays as "Old Heidelberg"; how infinitely more enjoyable they are to the sordid stories of ugly actuality, and horrible realism!

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS."

"What the Public Wants!" Surely, the very title is tempting Providence! And, after all—"what a fuss about a little bit of bacon." "Plenty of conversation, but nothing to talk about," as Oscar Wilde said, for although Sir Charles Worgan is a millionaire, owning over two score of newspapers that all have gigantic circulations, nothing of importance ever seems to be published in any of them. The owner suppresses wildly exciting divorce news that everybody is on the *qui vive* to hear about, and rakes up dead and done troubles of the past about his mother's friends instead, always arguing that it's "What the Public Wants."

Arnold Bennett, the author of the play, has been inspired here and there with many humorous lines, and spoken as they are by such an artiste as Charles Hawtrey, they travel across the footlights for all they are worth; but four acts of little else but journalistic discussion are, I fear, apt to induce a soporific influence on the most wide-awake of audiences, no matter how hard the people try to keep their eyes open.

Because Lena Ashwell has scored so successfully with Mr. Fagan's other "paper play," "The Earth," for goodness' sake, don't let us have an epidemic of them—one is quite enough.

Outside the really witty lines, which certainly make for laughs in "What the Public Wants," at the Royalty Theatre, and notwithstanding the altogether graceful and distinguished picture supplied by Margaret Halstan as the new "leading lady" of the little Dean Street playhouse, what the plot is all about but few are interested in, and between the acts it is really a relief to listen to the delightful orchestra conducted under the able bâton of Harold Robertson Grimston, the talented son of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

DO YOU WANT A GUINEA?

IF SO,

What Is Your Number?

(See Page iii. of Cover.)

"Erasmic"

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An easy first for easy shaving.

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You are adding considerably to the value of your tooth-cleaning by first dipping the brush into a tin of

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Price 6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 2/-. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the tooth brush, ask for our new package—a glass jar with sprinkler top, 1/- nett. For trial sample send a penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (JB Dept.), Manchester

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Why not call it the "Too Poor standard"?
Isn't the Budget really a very "taking" one?
Was Empire Day a howling success?
Will the Sea Salvage Company ce salvage?
Does Lord Charles Beresford really object to advertising?
Is the Army dirigible named "Baby" because it belongs to the rising generation?
Will the "Gambler's Budget" prove the Government's last trump?
What will be the effect of the Pure Milk Bill on the chalk industry?
Was Bernard Shaw's play refused licence because it has too much?
Is the Kaffir "boom" the outcome of "sound reports"?
Do he Suffragettes spell it "Band" or "Banned"?
Apropo: Sir John Fisher's retirement, hasn't the Admiralty lost its head already?

"I never knew a really learned man who could make a speech," says Mr. Birrell. Is this modesty?

A Paris "india rubber man" has been sentenced to eight years' for burglary. This should take some of the bounce out of him.

The headline, "Kaiser Leaves Austria" is a rebuke to those who assert that he wants the whole earth.

The mysterious airship, "seen sailing towards the Wash," had evidently been engaged in dirty work.

"Children are the garrison of the home," says *Lone Hand*. Infantry, of course.

Grilled grasshoppers on buttered toast form the latest Parisian delicacy. Poor grub.

A Willesden man, ordered to pay maintenance to his wife, sent the amount in halfpennies and farthings. She got small change out of him.

"Fugitive Airship" a paragraph is headed. A flying one, at last!

"Love is a wonderful wizard," says a contemporary. But doesn't always "spell" happiness.

The Southwark school attendance officer who suddenly discovered that her age was seventy instead of sixty-three, probably felt that seven years older the next moment.

A contemporary alludes to the production of a number of skulls in a Barnet case as remarkable, but we are used to seeing empty heads in court.

"Paper for Territorials," we read. Not in their boots, we trust.

A man was recently fined at Kingston for breaking a window thirteen years ago. No wonder we hear of "the Law's delay."

A Leipzig girl, who has been engaged fourteen times, recently pawned all the rings. Pledges of affection.

"Tortured By A Song" says a heading. More often the song is "murdered."

"If it were not for women there would be no confessional in any church," says Frankfort Moore. Of course not; there would be nothing to confess.

A give and take business—kissing.

"Peace is the great thing to get in this world," says Judge Willis. Most men prefer "pieces."

No one can be altogether good in Brighton, according to the *Times*. Yet few people complain of having a bad time there.

A recent race was won by a horse called The Nut. The animal ought to belong to a Colonel.

Three Odessa students assaulted a comrade from whom they had copied at an examination, because they found that his paper was wrong. So he got good marks for it.

Answer to Inquirer: No; the heading "Weather reports" does not always mean thunderclaps.

"The Earthquake" is the title of a new book. A moving story, no doubt.

"A woman's mission is to play the fool," says John Oliver Hobbes. Then the Suffragette is justified.

The reported slump in the bicycle trade is not surprising, since every rider nowadays expects to get a free wheel.

"Bomb on a Tramcar," we read. Which went off first?

MORE SCHOOL "HOWLERS":—
Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.
Ben Jonson survived Shakespeare in some respects.
Twins never come singly.
We cannot tell what music is till we go to Heaven.
Norwich has a famous castle; there is a wonderful moat in which the Duke lives.
Esau wrote fables, and sold the copyright for some potash.
General Gordon was killed by Cartoons.
Egregious means feeding on flocks.
An idolater was a very idle person.
Ignition is the act of not noticing.

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MEDIUM
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Manufactured under ideal conditions from selected fuller flavoured and heavier leaves of the same famous choice 1904 crop of finest matured Virginia Tobacco as the Black Cat Mild Cigarettes, with their delightful aroma.

10 for 2½d.

The best quality, heaviest weight, and fullest value are positively given in these Cigarettes at the lowest possible price.

Black Cat Mild Cigarettes (a milder, larger and heavier weight Cigarette than the Medium), 10 for 3d.

None better at any price.

In warning the public against paying higher prices for Cigarettes, Messrs. Carreras do not in any way reflect upon the integrity of the retail tobacconists, whose hands in many cases have been forced. Messrs. Carreras, as is well known, are an independent firm not connected with any monopoly, combine or trust. By increased trade they are retaining the old price, giving the public full value and the tobacconists a fair profit.

Of all Tobacconists, or from CARRERAS, LTD., 7, Wardour Street, LONDON, W. Established 1788.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work **when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.**

A. M. (Holborn) says Judge Bacon is notorious for his insolence to women, and that he presumes on his little brief authority to terrorise and bully them. What a pig Judge Bacon must be!

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate), says it is fortunate for Lord Kilmorey that Ireland has not yet gained the management of her own affairs, as she would take away his titles. B. S. adds that rudeness and incivility to the poor are of constant occurrence in hospitals. They creep even into our letter-bag!

H. M. (Woolwich) agrees with us that the humour of *Punch* is conspicuous by its absence. It's "special offer" is not confined to doctors.

A. A. (Altrincham) objects to a reprieve for the bold man who killed an old lady.

"JUDEX" points out that if the whisky tax were reduced, spirit merchants could not afford to reduce the price on what had already been taken out of bond. So the poor consumer is hit both ways.

E. B. (Dulwich).—But Mr. Churchill has already solved the unemployed problem.

M. M. (Southgate Road).—As Crow disapproves of dances and hospitals, you must not expect him to subscribe to a hospital dance, must you?

A. B. H. (Glasgow).—It would be rash to prophesy about Lord Charles Beresford.

H. R. B. (Islington) says a man met with a motor accident and was taken to Charing Cross Hospital. A student remarked, "Don't he look rotten," and suggested the patient should be left till the morning. We cannot believe it.

W. S. (Falkirk).—Why on earth shouldn't a lady entertain her friends and show them some dresses, even if she does happen to be married to the Prime Minister? Maud Allan might do the same.

E. J. C. (Dublin) AND OTHERS.—The paragraph about bandits running "several hundred years along the line" might read "running after several hundred ears."

"PAT" (Felixstowe) can't stand B. S., Jun. (Forest Gate), having met him in the *Daily Mirror*. Pat objects to our suppression of Crow on "Mysticism," and says: "I like Jim's stuff, it is so sour." But the cream of "Mysticism" was thick as well as sour. "Pat" does not want a chess column.

F. B. (Brighton).—We are glad to hear she has added to her beads. Who can tell them?

J. W. R. (Northampton) objects to a phrase in a story, where "the hero, after shouldering his gun, marched bravely forward with his hands in his pockets." Perhaps he was one of the boy scouts. Their rules tell them to whistle, we understand.

"JOHN BULL READER."—We have no time to investigate the inconsistencies between the London and Manchester editions of the *Mail*. Too busy on the Budget—and the Whitsun holidays.

W. H. (Worthing) objects to the Bread Acts, and says it is impossible to insure that a loaf shall weigh exactly 2 lbs. He thinks consumers can protect themselves. But surely that does not apply to the poorest.

A. M. (Pall Mall) says the Council of the Botanic Society is asking members for a "whip." He wishes us to remind possible subscribers of what happened in the case of the late gate-keeper on his retiring after 60 years' service. The amount subscribed for him was £550, but, instead of handing over the money, the Society offered him an annuity, they retaining the *corpus*, and the old man had to bring an action against his late employers. In the end he had to pay his own costs and thereby lost £91. It is to be hoped that there will be no similar scandal in connection with the present case.

E. W. B. (New Cross) goes for B. S., Jun. (Forest Gate): "I have also noticed the silly verbose nonsense this junior persists in sending to the papers. I sincerely hope the little boy's papa will take him up to the nursery and severely spank him; also stop his pocket-money. We should all be spared this pitiable exhibition of insanity." E. W. B. offers to subscribe towards a single ticket to take B. S., Jun., to Poland.

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W. P. (Hampton in Arden) defends the Bishop of Carlisle, and says that all sensible people disapprove of dancing till two in the morning. He asks: "Would you like the members of your staff to dance till 3 a.m.?" Why not? They all have constitutions of iron, especially Jim Crow. W. P. is quite wrong in thinking we are prejudiced against the clergy. We have known many of them to be thorough sportsmen, and real good chaps. But they stand on a pinnacle—and must be good.

A. B. (Highbury) takes our correspondent M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue) severely to task for his anti-Semitism, and says his instinct for racial hatred is a sign of insanity; whilst, in reference to M. C. B.'s description of the Jews as parasites, A. B. suggests it would be a good thing if M. C. B. would become a parasite for a short time, and settle down on somebody's brains. A hit—a palpable hit!

B. H. (Edgbaston).—"Hen roost" is a colloquialism applicable to a hen house in which there is roosting accommodation, and in which there is also ample accommodation for the eggs. It was probably in this sense that Mr. Lloyd George used the phrase.

G. J. K. (Kennington) has received his pictures from the Artistic Photographic Co.

T. G. O. B. (Sheffield) says patent medicines are made from private formulas, and it would be unfair to compel the publication of the ingredients on the wrappers.

SEVERAL READERS have, for some reason or other, been writing us recently about the successor to the British Throne in the event of the death—which we hope may not be for many years—of the present King. The following statement will cover most of the enquiries: The Prince and Princess of Wales will come to the throne as King and Queen Consort, just the same as the present King and Queen. The head of the State is "King," and Victoria was really King, as she was King in her own right with all the rights of King, but being a female was Queen and King in one. There cannot be two kings, so that where, as with Victoria, she was King in her own right, her husband was merely a Prince Consort. So with the Dutch Queen. She cannot by marriage make her husband a King, as she is already one and has used up all the kingship there is. But a man being King does make his consort his queen, but she is only a queen-consort unless she has rights herself. Our wonderful constitution supplies precedents for nearly everything that is wanted from a Republic to a Tyranny, and we had William III. and Mary, both of whom had rights, and who married and who had the Crown settled on them by Act of Parliament jointly, with all the administrative powers vested in William during their joint lives. This was done to secure the succession without going back to the Stuarts. Thus we had a King and a Queen both ruling in their own right.

A. E. O. (Ramsbury) thinks there should be a distinction between *earned* and *inherited* incomes for purposes of taxation. He says that "to tax a man because he has been thrifty and has provided a little for his old age seems hard indeed." Of course spendthrifts eventually pay no income-tax for the very good reason that they possess no income. They have solved the problem of dodging the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A. C. (Montana, U.S.A.) says: "I find more loyalty to England in the States than in Canada." That's bad.

F. J. G. (Rancliffe) would *not* "be correct in saying upwards of a thousand if he meant nearly a thousand." Nearly a thousand is downwards.

A. C. B. (Washaway) says there is a place called Victoria in Cornwall. But London 'busses do not travel so far.

A. B. (Exeter) quotes from "The Scarlet Pimpernel": "She rose before anyone else in the house was astir. When she came downstairs, she found Sir Andrew sitting in the coffee-room. He had been out half-an-hour earlier." But perhaps she took more than half-an-hour to dress.

H. B. (S. Nigeria) says the laws are very peculiar out there, and good lawyers are rare. But good lawyers always *are* rare! He says Government officials hinder traders. They usually do.

H. L. S. (Willesden Green) says we are not alone in expecting surprises on Judgment Day. But if our expectations are fulfilled, where is the surprise?

W. C. (Glasgow) wants us to quote Shakespeare about tobacco. This hot weather, too.

G. D. (Hampstead).—Mrs. Bull enjoyed that Biscuit immensely. She does not like Abernethys.

W E. G. (Highgate) is a warm admirer of this journal, but has a novel way of dissembling his love. He suggests that a tax of a shilling a copy would bring in an enormous revenue to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But we are afraid we should have to put a tax upon the consumer.

H. S. B. (Holland Park).—You must be a new reader, or you would know that, some months ago, we published a series of articles on Hospital Administration.

A. J. C. (Leyton) writes: "What would you say to a Workingman who for five years has had to fight undefended a similar persecution at the hands of the Police as yourself?" The answer is: Cheer up, they are not so very powerful after all.

"PLUMBUM" (West Wickham) wants to abolish the system of nominating candidates for factory inspectorships. We agree that character and ability ought to be sufficient.

W. H. (Great Grimsby) wants us to take up the grievances of the Grimsby fishermen: "the hours they work, ships being short of food at Iceland, where the insurance companies would not allow them to go four years ago, the quality of the food, the insufficient protection for life." He says: "I have been in the trade going to sea about seven years, the last six months to Iceland, and not had a Sunday at home or a day to call my own. When we arrive in dock, if we want a day off, it costs about three days' sea-wages." We will do what we can.

H. S. (Wimbledon) wants to compel all voters to vote. But some would spoil their papers on purpose.

R. J. K. (Camden Town) says some dairymen sell condensed milk as "straight from the cow."

"A SPINSTER" says "a kiss costs nothing." That depends.

E. H. R. (Birkenhead) says "the disappointment is universal" because we have no chess column. We have not found it so.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
(*"Larry Lynx" of* THE PEOPLE, *and "Magpie" of* THE GLOBE.)

Wanted at Royal Ascot.

Prior to the pending Ascot meeting I am certain the executive will see the necessity of providing illumination for the subterranean tunnel to the station, a paddock parade ring for horses, and draw numbers so that the positions at post can be seen by those on the press, owners', and trainers' stand—or those who remain in the paddock during racing.

Classic Form Upheld.

The three-year-olds of last season—even those tailed off in the Derby—although then much derided, are carrying everything before them in this year's big handicaps, as, for instance, White Eagle in the City, Sir Archibald in the Victoria Cup, Santo Strato at Chester, and Ebor in the Jubilee.

Prophetic.

Holidays intervening, it becomes necessary to deal with even more than usual far distant racing, for I am unable to "touch" anything earlier than the second day at Manchester (Thursday). In the Beaufort Handicap the chance of BUSTLE is a great one, but the risks are quite in unison with what her long price will be, for she is awkward under the gate. If, however, any light weight can get her off, what beats her will win it. While these notes are in type

BLACKSTONE

may have run at Hurst Park. If not, here is something to bet upon in the Bridgewater Handicap. The next day, on Epsom form—especially as this handicap was made prior to that date, BENWHAT will about take the Brackley Handicap, and although the type of round course is dead against him, I shall believe in

CARGILL'S

ability to win the Cup—with danger from Brewer's best—possibly Rushcutter, who is doing the right sort of work. Saturday's Salford Borough Handicap is a "good thing" for

POOR BOY,

if he does not wait for Ascot, for Romney, although thrown in, never seems to win anywhere *else* but at Epsom.

Brighton's is the holiday type of meeting, where one needs to know exactly what runs to anticipate things with confidence. How much trouble, for instance, might a writer get into when Summer, Velvet, MacMurrough, and Marco Frazer, among others, clash in the Handicap. Though penalised in the interim, SYCE will about take the Southover Plate, but the best thing I can give my readers is to get a ripping souvenir of Minoru's glorious victory by obtaining a Derby number of *The Throne and Country*, the second edition of which is now ready. The coloured portraits of Herbert Jones on Minoru and the cartoon of Frank Wootton in his father's jacket, are grand reproductions, and a few years hence this number will be quite of historical value.

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GREGOR DALLAS, 26, Forest Park Road, Dundee, N.B. (No. 226826.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 1st —

2396; 6415; 13276; 17919; 21084; 32739; 35583; 51912; 59965; 60955; 66019; 76515; 80459; 89963; 91921; 93474; 100987; 122096; 134019; 134970; 139204; 143700; 144749; 146824; 150186; 151888; 165870; 166356; 179802; 190114; 192072; 198139; 201208; 210115; 210335; 225188; 227165; 229662; 242950; 244184; 250154; 257811; 262209; 263816; 264312; 270715; 277675; 281321; 294361; 294835

INITIAL BOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 10th, (PUBLISHED JULY 8th).

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Wanted at Royal Ascot.

Prior to the pending Ascot meeting I am certain the executive will see the necessity of providing illumination for the subterranean tunnel to the station, a paddock parade ring for horses, and draw numbers so that the positions at post can be seen by those on the press, owners', and trainers' stand—or those who remain in the paddock during racing.

Classic Form Upheld.

The three-year-olds of last season—even those tailed off in the Derby—although then much derided, are carrying everything before them in this year's big handicaps, as, for instance, White Eagle in the City, Sir Archibald in the Victoria Cup, Santo Strato at Chester, and Ebor in the Jubilee.

Prophetic.

Holidays intervening, it becomes necessary to deal with even more than usual far distant racing, for I am unable to "touch" anything earlier than the second day at Manchester (Thursday). In the Beaufort Handicap the chance of BUSTLE is a great one, but the risks are quite in unison with what her long price will be, for she is awkward under the gate. If, however, any light weight can get her off, what beats her will win it. While these notes are in type

BLACKSTONE

may have run at Hurst Park. If not, here is something to bet upon in the Bridgewater Handicap. The next day, on Epsom form—especially as this handicap was made prior to that date, BENWHAT will about take the Brackley Handicap, and although the type of round course is dead against him, I shall believe in

CARGILL'S

ability to win the Cup—with danger from Brewer's best—possibly Rushcutter, who is doing the right sort of work. Saturday's Salford Borough Handicap is a "good thing" for

POOR BOY,

if he does not wait for Ascot, for Romney, although thrown in, never seems to win anywhere *else* but at Epsom.

Brighton's is the holiday type of meeting, where one needs to know exactly what runs to anticipate things with confidence. How much trouble, for instance, might a writer get into when Summer, Velvet, MacMurrough, and Marco Frazer, among others, clash in the Handicap. Though penalised in the interim, SYCE will about take the Southover Plate, but the best thing I can give my readers is to get a ripping souvenir of Minoru's glorious victory by obtaining a Derby number of *The Throne and Country*, the second edition of which is now ready. The coloured portraits of Herbert Jones on Minoru and the cartoon of Frank Wootton in his father's jacket, are grand reproductions, and a few years hence this number will be quite of historical value.

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